Saturday Review

MARCH 7, 1959 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

FORGOTTEN MEN OF SCIENCE

Caesar • Cato the Censor • Cicero • Lucretius • Varro • Virgil

A Gallery of Portraits by George Sarton

Joanne Woodward plays Quentin in the screen version of William Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury." (SEE MOVIES)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light, strong aluminum bridges go into active service without a coat of paint . . . cut maintenance costs to a minimum.

Long life, low upkeep... the all-aluminum bridge

Back in 1950, Aluminium Limited built the world's first aluminum highway bridge. The structure has proved very successful. Right now the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads is testing a new mass-produceable aluminum bridge. Already, pulsating jacks have given it more than a century of simulated use and it's still going strong.

With 70,000 highway bridges included in the new $50-billion federal highway program, needs for aluminum, not only for bridges, but for handrailings, traffic signal trusses, direction signs, sidewalk grating and chain link fence will continue to grow. Even more important, the growing number of vehicles that use these new roads will require more aluminum too.

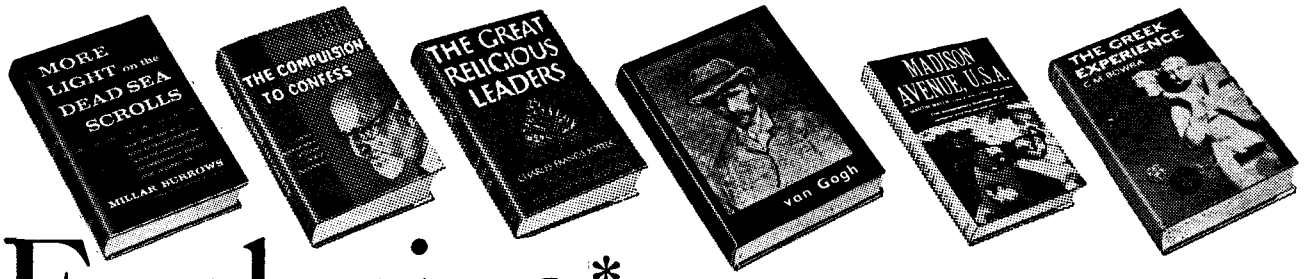
But more aluminum for highway construction means less aluminum for other United States needs . . . needs that will probably double in the next 10 years.

Fortunately – in neighboring Canada, Aluminium Limited has harnessed water power to produce electricity to make aluminum. Aluminium Limited sells no consumer products in the U.S. . . . only aluminum ingot that assures U.S. industry an adequate supply of an essential material now and in the future.

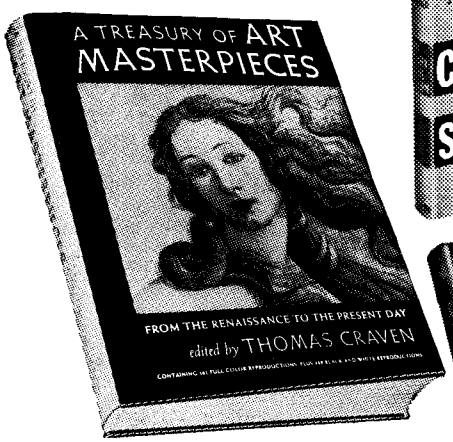
Aluminium Limited

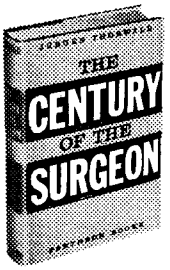
In the U. S.: Aluminium Limited Sales, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Exclusive* *with the* Marboro Book Club





You can have any 3 of the books shown for only $3.75 with membership

CHOOSE from A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES—THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—LOLITA—and nine other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

The world-wide fame of A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES has grown through each of the twenty years since first it took the art world by storm in 1939. The magnificence and profusion of its 650 reproductions, the amazing fidelity of its color plates to the tones and hues of the original paintings that are the pride of the world's great palaces and museums, have made it the best-known and most highly praised art book of our time.

Even before World War II, when books priced so high were a rarity, art-lovers and collectors were paying $12.50 per copy. Through the years, and through printing after printing, hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have been sold at that high price to the world's most demanding public.

Today, the publishers have made A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES available again, in a superb and luxurious new edition that sells everywhere for $7.95. Anyone who has ever fallen under the spell of its superlative reproductions of the 650 masterpieces of art from the Renaissance to the present will tell you that it is worth far more than its $7.95 bookstore price. Yet it is yours for $1.25 if you wish to select it now as part of your Introductory-Offer privilege.

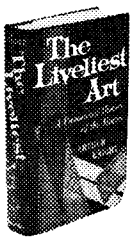
To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES, if you wish) for less than half of what you would otherwise pay for A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES alone.

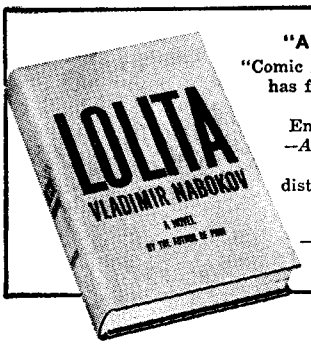
THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share *your* tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only $3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as $21.70 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

The most highly praised art book of our time

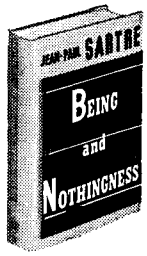
By exclusive arrangement with the publishers, this world-famous volume of 650 reproductions (including 161 full color plates)—from Giotto to Picasso—has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club.





"A GREAT BOOK"

"Comic genius. Nabokov has few equals in the handling of the English language." —*Atlantic Monthly.* "A fine book, a distinguished book—all right, then—a great book." —*Dorothy Parker, Esquire.*



Choose any 3 of these books for $3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

☐ **A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES.** Ed. by Thomas Craven. A monument of luxurious art book publishing. The 650 great paintings of the Western world, from the masters of the Italian Renaissance to the present—161 in full color. *List Price $7.95.*

☐ **LOLITA.** By Vladimir Nabokov. One of the most hotly-discussed books since the sensational controversy over Ulysses. Its subject matter has made the world gasp. The brilliance of its writing has made the world's critics cheer. *List Price $5.00.*

☐ **BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 635 pages. *List Price $10.00.*

☐ **THE CENTURY OF THE SURGEON** By Jürgen Thorwald. The march of surgery from the butchery of the pre-anaesthetic era to the delicate heart operations of today. "Spellbinding."—N. Y. Times. Illus. *List Price $5.95.*

☐ **THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LEADERS.** By Charles F. Potter. The world's religions and their founders—including Akhenaten, Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad, and the "Teacher" in the Dead Sea Scrolls. 500 pp. *List Price $7.50.*

☐ **THE LIVELIEST ART.** By Arthur Knight. A panoramic history of the Motion Picture as an art form—from Melies and Griffith and Eisenstein to Rasho-mon, Rossellini, and Mike Todd. With photographs. *List Price $7.50.*

☐ **VAN GOGH.** By Frank Elgar. The long-awaited factual chronicle of his life and art. A great French critic frees the real Van Gogh from the romantic fable that has obscured him for half a century. 369 reproductions. 67 Full Color Plates. *List Price $5.75.*

☐ **THE BEAT GENERATION & THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN.** Kerouac, Ginsberg, Rexroth, Solomon, Osborne, Amis, and 16 others, in the works that have made them famous (and notorious). Ed. by G. Feldman & M. Gartenberg. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **THE COMPULSION TO CONFESS.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's famous pupil on the psychoanalysis of crime and punishment . . . the unconscious motives of murderers and detectives, the unconscious drives that urge man to transgress and to seek punishment, and the psychoanalytic interpretation of "Original Sin." *List Price $7.50.*

☐ **THE GREEK EXPERIENCE.** By Sir Maurice Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London Spectator calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. *List Price $6.00.*

☐ **MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.** By Millar Burrows. New scrolls and new interpretations, with translations of important recent discoveries. *List Price $6.50.*

☐ **MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A.** By Martin Mayer. One of the great best-sellers of the year—and no wonder! Never before has any book revealed so fully and frankly the inner workings of the advertising business. *List Price $4.95.*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

MS-466

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

One of the saddest cases of frustration I have heard of recently involved a lady lover of modern art.

Reading the new book, "The Golden City," she grew progressively indignant. Finally, her wrath reached the point where she rose to throw the book away from her—and then had to stay her hand because the modern architect who built her house had surrounded her with glass walls on all sides.

There's no doubt "The Golden City" is going to make a lot of readers angry, just as it is going to find an equal number who agree most profoundly with its conclusions; for its author, Henry Hope Reed, Jr., has stated in a most persuasive manner the case against modern architecture.

He has documented his text copiously with fine photographs of public buildings in many cities, among them New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, St. Louis and Laramie, Wyoming.

His thesis is that modern building is largely a triumph of engineering rather than creative architecture. And whether you agree with him or not, I know you'll have a lot of fun reading his argument, and nodding sagely or muttering savagely, as the case may be.

And regardless of whether he convinces you or not, I think you will concur that, in presenting his brief against modern buildings, he has, at the very least, given an excellent short history of American architecture and illustrated it with some extraordinarily good photographs.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Golden City" ($5.75), by Henry Hope Reed, Jr., is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 modern Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

Saturday Review
MARCH 7, 1959

SR/IDEAS

13 The Supreme Court as an Educator, by Harris Wofford, Jr.
16 From Faulkner to Film, by Jerry Wald
25 Notes on an Anniversary: An Editorial
49 Forgotten Men of Science, by George Sarton

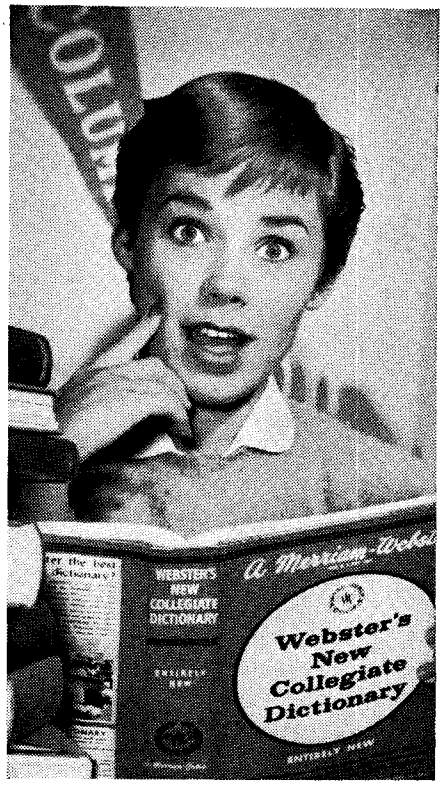
SR/BOOKS

17 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews the new "International Literary Annual."
18 Major Moments in the Memories of Five Ladies: New Autobiographies
19 The Valadon Drama, by John Storm
20 Susan B. Anthony, by Alma Lutz
21 Roundup of Americana with accent on oil, by John T. Winterich
23 Island in the City, by Dan Wakefield
24 Beti, by Daphne Rooke
37 Brave Men and Great Captains, by Col. R. Ernest and Col. Trevor N. Dupuy
37 The Face of War, by Martha Gellhorn
38 The Divine Wind, by Rikihei Inoguchi, Tadashi Nakajima, and Roger Pineau
39 Claire Serrat, by I. A. R. Wylie

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory likes club ladies.
10 Trade Winds
21 Literary I.Q.
23 Literary Crypt
27 Letters to the Editor
28 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert applauds cover-actress Joanne Woodward.
29 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes sees Gertrude Berg on Broadway.
30 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin grades Cliburn.
33 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton jets from rubles to rupees.
40 Chess Corner
45 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1302
47 *SR* Research for March

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Stret, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher. Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. XLII, No. 10. March 7, 1959. Second class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.



For better schoolwork—starting tonight . . .

Educational authorities stress the necessity of a good vocabulary in understanding what is being taught and in achieving better grades. Accordingly nearly every school and college requires or recommends Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.

This handy-size Merriam-Webster guarantees correct facts, accurate spelling, and complete understanding of word meanings. Start the students in your family on the "look it up" habit with the most modern, easy-to-use dictionary in America.

● Other "Webster's" do not even include the Latin names for plants and animals that are essential for students. To be sure of obtaining the one dictionary with all the information a student must have, always ask for a Merriam-Webster.

You may purchase your copy at any department, book, or stationery store for only $5 plain, $6 indexed.

INSIST ON
MERRIAM-WEBSTER
AND DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE

The only desk dictionary based on Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition — "Supreme Authority" of the U. S. Government Printing Office and courts of law. Advt. copyright by the G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield 2, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a New Idea for a New Era

PEACE INSURANCE

"War will end," said a harried Pentagon clerk during World War II, "when we run out of paper." Since then the problem has changed. In these troubled days, war will *begin* when we run out of *words* Indeed, our precious ability to keep talking in the face of mankind's final folly is surely our very finest "peace insurance." A world at peace is still a distant image from the troubled nature of things today, yet our imperfect peace is infinitely desirable to the perfect mushroom cloud. It is a fact that humanity has already won recognition for its peaceful aims through the force of its humble voice – by stemming, again and again, the frequent tides to war. This is the world's most substantial insurance for peace. Yet... in this age of increasing bigness, it is often difficult to cut through the big silences of an increasingly passive humanity. To help those private citizens who want to be heard, but who hold their vocal fire out of a possible sense of futility, perhaps business leadership can lend an encouraging hand. In this belief, Nationwide Insurance actively encourages discussions of public issues among its nearly three million policyholders. Our extensive programs of policyholder participation in the business affairs of Nationwide also enable these representative Americans to talk candidly and searchingly about the larger issues of their lives—like war and peace. Nationwide enthusiastically pursues such a program in the plain democratic conviction that *once the problems are known, the ideas to solve them are sure to follow.*

Nationwide sponsors "The Hidden Revolution" with Edward R. Murrow on the CBS radio network. This six-part series of dramatic documentaries is concerned with vital issues of our times. The subject of war and peace will be heard Wednesday evening, March 18. For free discussion guide to series write Dept. S, Community Relations, Nationwide Insurance, Columbus 16, Ohio.

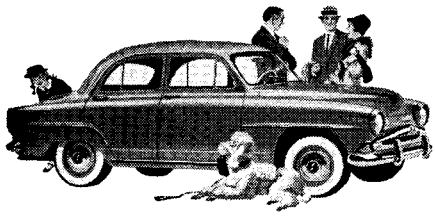
IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE

NATIONWIDE INSURANCE

NATIONWIDE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., NATIONWIDE LIFE INSURANCE CO., NATIONWIDE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. HOME OFFICE, COLUMBUS, OHIO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A car ad with only 1 adjective



SIMCA cars deliver lots of miles per gallon. SIMCA cars are priced from $1698, East and Gulf Coast ports of entry*. The 4-door Super DeLuxe sedan comes with seats that recline, heater, defroster, and daily mileage indicator. SIMCA cars offer a degree of stability and ease of handling which can be found only in cars with front-mounted engines. And SIMCA has a solid, one-piece UniGard body.

In short, each SIMCA is quite simply colossafabulgreat.

NOTE: If your discerning eye has located more than one adjective in this ad, visit your SIMCA dealer immediately. You are just the kind of buyer he is looking for. Astute, intelligent, and interested in our ads.

**Inland freight and local taxes extra*

SIMCA

Imported from Paris by Chrysler

SIMCA SALES OFFICE
CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT 31, MICHIGAN
ALSO IN CANADA

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

OUR annual lecture tour took us, among other places, to the Richmond Women's Club, the Chicago Arts Club, the Nineteenth Century Club of Oak Park, Illinois, and the Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles—each of which, we were solemnly assured, was the "oldest women's club in the country." And, in between, even when we hit such relatively modern-sounding clubs as the Twentieth Century Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., we were relieved to find it largely peopled by Nineteenth Century women. We are particularly partial to the Nineteenth Century—actually, these days, we are partial to any previous century.

Altogether, it was good to get down to the brass roots. It was also good to find out what the little people are thinking the big people should stop telling them. And finally, it was good to find out first hand what's wrong with American women. (Honestly, until the Organization Man gets better organized he's better off *not* knowing.) We did, however, spot one non-Organization man. His name was Mr. John Sprague, and he was asked to introduce us in Port Huron, Michigan, because he was the only Harvard man in town. "Out here," said Mr. Sprague, "you can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him either much or as such." We replied sternly that we were familiar with the West—we had an aunt in Dedham and a cousin in Needham.

It is, of course, a popular sport for visiting male authors to go around making fun of women's clubs (our British cousins are particularly adept at this) and afterwards, biting—or perhaps we should say arbiting—the hands that feed them. From our own observations, however, we would like to say that whatever is wrong with American women, in their clubs assembled, it is a good deal less wrong than what's wrong with American men, in their conventions assembled. We ran into conventions in just about every city we hit and we even ran into one in, as one conventioneer proudly pronounced it, the "Sirburbs." In San Antonio, we even heard of a group of conventioning Texas businessmen who had made plans to tear down the Alamo and put up a motel. Fortunately, they were dissuaded by the DRTs—the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. You may think you know something about the DARs, but take our word for it, you don't know anything until you meet the DRTs, or, as they are affectionately called, the *DDTs*. When we left they were still debating whether or not to attack the Messrs. John Wayne, William Holden, and Rock Hudson, who, for their forthcoming movie, were engaged in building a $2,000,000 replica of the Alamo a mile away. If they do, never mind Travis Wayne, Crockett Holden, and Boone Hudson, our money is on the girls.

• • Lecturing in Louisville is, of course, like carrying coals to Newcastle, for it is, among other things, the Western home of John Mason Brown's Southern accent. It is also the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Ethridge, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Bingham, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. But where, we wanted to know, *was* the Southern accent? "We save it," book columnist Lee Segal told us, "for our Derby visitors." But we liked best the story of the great Mark Ethridge, who finally cracked under the strain of wifely neglect when his wife was working on her latest book, "Summer Thunder." Storming out of the downstairs washroom, in full view of a dozen luncheon guests, the fearful Mark pointed an accusing finger at his wife. "Willie Snow," he thundered, "you will be out of soap by nightfall!"

• • On the television front we were most impressed with a young Chicago interviewer, Norman Ross. Son of the famous Olympic swimmer, a handsome, polite cross between Mike Wallace, on the one hand, and Edward Murrow on the other, he is easily the country's best informed and most literate interviewer today—and what is more important, vastly popular. And, in St. Louis, we came upon another intriguing local program. Called "My Favorite Reading" and put on by Charles Gilbert of the St. Louis Public Library, it merely introduces a guest and asks him to read a page or two, with comment, of anything he chooses. Celebrities are allowed, but the program features equally the man-on-the-street. The Bible has been the most popular choice, but in No. 2 position so far

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enrich your mind · Inflate your ego

DOUBLE-CROSTICS #41

A giant batch of 100 never-before-in-print literary puzzles—75 by Doris Nash Wortman, 25 by expert fans.

As always, these puzzles can be depended upon to enrich the mind, and inflate the ego. Each combines the fun of solving a quiz, an acrostic, and a secret message. Nobody who finishes one ever 1) neglects to tell his friends he's done it or 2) is happy till he's at work on another one.

Series 41 has everything to make the Double-Crostic solver happy and comfortable—solid cover and spiral binding to expedite pencil work, anti-glare paper and special ink to ease the eyes.

Altogether there is probably nothing—not even a vibrating arm chair—at once as relaxing and as stimulating as a Double-Crostic. Thousands of the brightest people around have an insatiable appetite for them—including, more than likely, a number of people on your own gift list. Send for copies for them and for yourself today. Price $2.95.

☛ *Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished.*

To your bookseller, or

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me ..... copies of *Double-Crostics* Series 41. Price $2.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for $ ....

Name_____

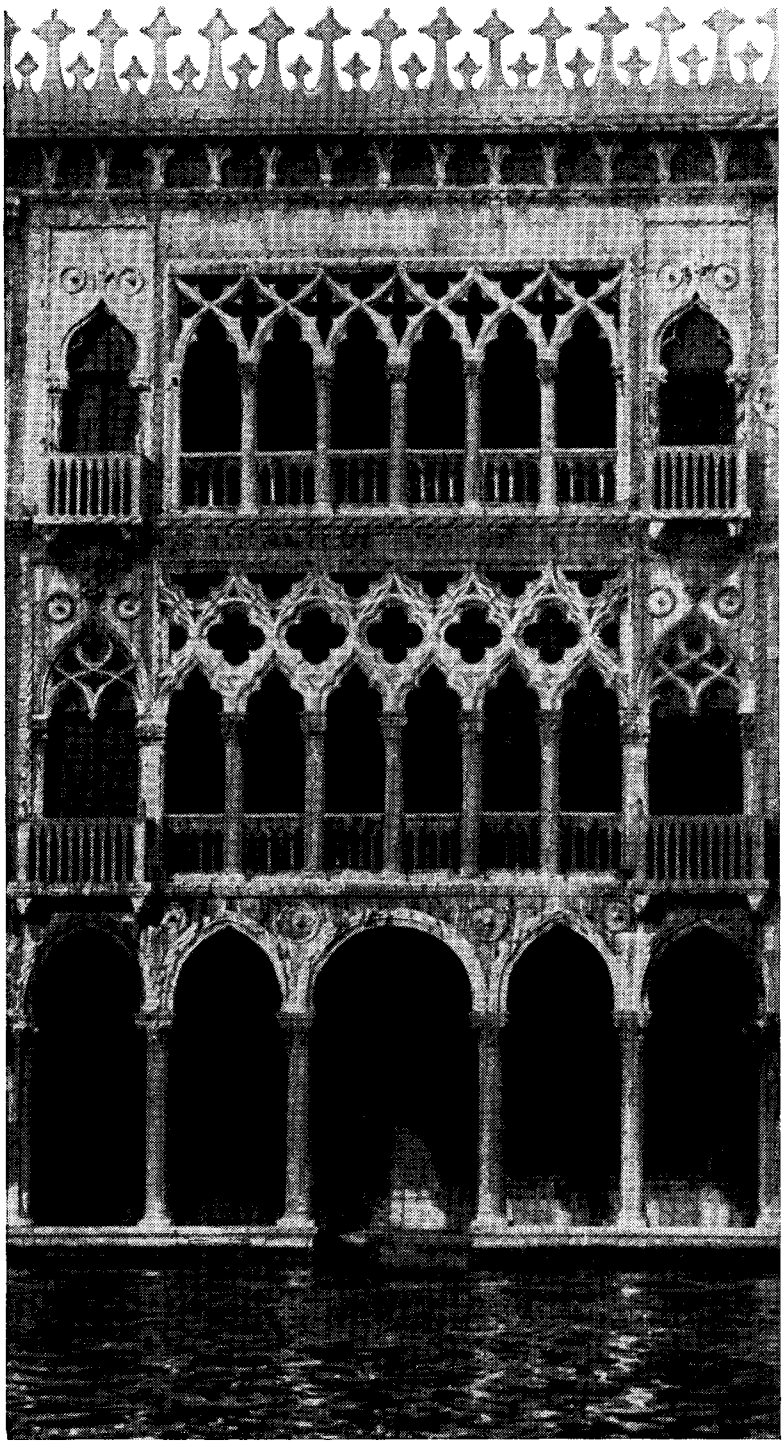
Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

(New York City residents add 3% city sales tax)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO, THIS IS NOT "ITALY!" *In Italy the houses are stone . . . here they are lace! In Italy the sun shines brightly . . . here it shimmers among shadows! For Venice is a "state" all its own—in its culture, its climate, its Arabian Nights architecture. In Venice your hotel is probably a filigree palace, much like this one. In between the fetes and regattas, the art and music and film festivals, you spend your days in gilded gondolas on the Grand Canal—your nights in the gilded casinos of the Lido. If you've visited Italy, but not Venice—you have eaten the cake without the icing! Full information is available from your travel agent, from the Italian State Tourist Office, Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York, or from the Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Venice, Italy.* PHOTO COURTESY TUDOR PUBLISHING CO



is Anne Lindbergh's "Gift from the Sea." No. 3 is Kahlil Gibran's "The Prophet." Some of the choices run to type, such as the Mayor of St. Louis choosing "The Last Hurrah," and a member of the Teamsters Union choosing Lincoln Stephens's autobiography, and even a postman choosing Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. But some, too, are surprises, such as a lady Marine choosing Poe's "Annabel Lee," a columnist choosing "The Three Musketeers" and a society editor choosing "Thanatopsis." A fashion editor however, read from the fashion magazines, and one-man-on-the-street was actually too much so. He read from the day's *Wall Street Journal.*

• • Generally speaking, we noted a tremendous change for the better since our last trip around—a sort of upgrading, we would call it, in the egghead direction. In both Pittsburgh and Denver, for example, we ran into anniversaries. In Pittsburgh it was a "Bicentennial"—but here the feature of the celebration was an art exhibit (at the old Carnegie Institute) so modern that it would make your hair curl—and in fact did many old Burghers. ("It's quite a jump," director Gordon Washburn told us, "from Carnegie Karnak.") In Colorado, impressed as we were with the enterprising Witherspoon-Grimes Enterprises and also the Centennial itself (the slogan was not only "Rush to the Rockies" but also "From Open Space to Outer Space) we were even more impressed with the new Air Force Academy. As yet, it has not graduated a class (this June will be the first), it has no crest, no insignia, no motto, no mascot, no football stadium, no flying field—and in fact, not even a name (such as West Point or Annapolis). Yet under the leadership of General and Mrs. James E. Briggs, it has not only the most extraordinary school spirit of any school we have ever visited (a scholastic spirit as well as a football team) but also, designed by Walter Netsch, the most exciting modern buildings we have ever seen. Particularly awe-inspiring is the proposed new chapel, about which there has been much controversy and which will include under one roof (on a sort of modern Chartres design) a Jewish synagogue, a Roman Catholic cathedral, and a Protestant all-denominational church. One thing intrigued us. Why, we wanted to know, had the original plan for nineteen spires been changed to seventeen? "It was because," Officer-in-Charge Captain William Copp told us with a smile, "there were twelve Apostles and five members of the Appropriations Committee."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Assist Irish Coffee Drinkers Through the Difficult Withdrawal Period

TEN DAY IRISH WHISKEY WONDER DIET

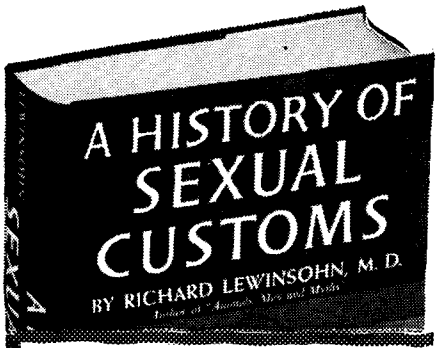
[NUMBER VI]

Doubtless there are many Irish Coffee drinkers who would drink Irish Whiskey in its pristine state but have no idea what it tastes like unadorned. The fragrant coffee, the frothy cream, the sugar cubes all conspire against the emphatic, burnished subtleties of the whiskey therein. Not that we presume to criticize. We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have said repeatedly and we say it again that we utter no word against Irish Coffee. Whenever we feel the urge we have only to fix our mind's eye on the great ships standing out to sea for America fit to burst with their golden burden and the cat has our tongue. Our Pride in flavor wrestles with our childlike delight in Profit. But silently. [If *you* wish to be partisan, write and we'll gladly send you a Pride or a Profit Badge.] Well, but we're not here to talk about our inner torment, but about you and *your* problem. Let's see if we rightly understand: you are now a devotee of Irish Coffee and wish to broaden your narrow life; to enter the shining world of Irish Whiskey itself. But are paralysed by indecision. That's it, isn't it? Now while we shan't dwell overmuch on what you might call the psychic factor, we would dearly like to offer you one bit of reassurance: any man worth his salt can become an Irish Whiskey fancier if he makes the gradual approach to it. Like the countryman who lifted a calf every day from birth and so eventually was able to put the grown cow into the air! Though we never figured out how he got the grip on her. The diet then:

First day:	*Customary breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner. As required,* CUSTOMARY IRISH COFFEE.
Second day:	SAME *except add one teaspoon more Irish Whiskey.*
Third day:	SAME *except add one tablespoon more Irish Whiskey.*
Fourth day:	SAME *except add one soup ladle more Irish Whiskey.*
Fifth day:	SAME *except cut out half the coffee.*
Sixth day:	SAME *except cut out the cream.*
Seventh day:	SAME *except cut out sugar cubes.*
Eighth day:	SAME *except cut out ALL coffee.*
Ninth day:	SAME *except cut out breakfast.*
Tenth day:	*You are now an Irish Whiskey fancier and can stand up there with the best of them, the light shining golden through your hoisted glass.*

© 1959, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND (*P. O. Box 1865, Dublin, Ireland; Air Mail 15c Ship 8c.*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By RICHARD LEWINSOHN, M.D.
Author of *Animals, Men and Myths*

SEX, while one of the shorter words in the language, has perhaps been the subject of more discussion than any other aspect of human behavior. Dr. Lewinsohn's approach is not statistical, not psychoanalytic. It is historical. He traces, with documentation and detachment, the story of human sex life in relation to the arts, the social structure, law, medicine, superstition and customs, historical change. He shows that laws and social customs have influenced man's sex life as much as his sex life has influenced them.

Some of the aspects discussed

Polygamy • Ovid on Free Love • The Mysteries of Pompeii • The Anti-Feminist Revolution • The Office of the Eunuch • Temple Prostitutes • Police State and Romance • Aesthetics and Sex • Suttee and the Art of Love • Intercourse with the Devil

Highly recommended

ABRAHAM STONE, M.D., author of *A Marriage Manual* and other books, has this to say of the approach, purpose and value of A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS: "Dr. Lewinsohn's book is a sober, dignified and scholarly presentation . . . a very valuable contribution to our understanding of sex mores and sex behavior in the history of man." ASHLEY MONTAGU, author of *The Cultured Man* and other books, calls A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS "an absorbingly enlightening book . . . will assist us to understand the meaning of our existing sexual customs better than we might otherwise have done, and enable us to participate in the inevitable changes with deeper understanding." You may obtain a copy of A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS, handsomely illustrated with 32 pages of photographs and 16 in-text drawings, at your bookstore or by mailing the coupon below.

10 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

HARPER & BROTHERS, 51 E. 33 St., N. Y. 16

Please send me A HISTORY OF SEXUAL CUSTOMS for 10 days' free examination. Within that time I will either remit $5.95 plus a few cents mailing charges or return the book.

Name_____

Address_____

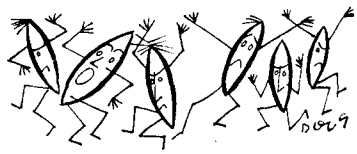
City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

SAVE! Enclose payment and we will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege. 5116F

TRADE Winds

WE ARE HAPPY to note in *The Wall Street Journal* that a Seattle firm is bringing out a substitute for wild rice, which will be priced about the the same as the regular stuff. It's a product made from soaked and dried wheat, and is said to taste just like the real thing.

It will also help avoid the sort of



statement overheard recently at Sardi's.

"Do you have any wild rice?" a customer asked.

"No," a waiter replied. "But we can take some of the tame rice and irritate it for you."

THE RECIPIENTS OF the National Book Awards in the past have been lucid and penetrating in their acceptance speeches. Here's a sampling.

FROM JAMES JONES, in 1952: "I have about come to the conclusion that the only thing wrong with literature in our time is that it lacks the proper proportion of malice, envy, and hate."

FROM MARIANNE MOORE, in the same year: "I can see no reason for calling my work poetry except that there is no other category in which to put it."

FROM RACHEL L. CARSON, also in 1952: "The aim of science is to discover and illuminate truth. And that, I take it, is the aim of literature, whether biography, history, or fiction. It seems to me, then, that there can be no separate literature of science . . ."

FROM THE LATE BERNARD DE VOTO, in 1953: "No serious writer need be told by anyone how badly he has botched his job."

FROM BRUCE CATTON, in 1954: "The singular fact is that both the reporter and the historian are dealing with a very elusive quality: The strange and magnificent fact that the whole of what men do, when they are lifted out of themselves by some great challenge, is somehow greater than the sum of its parts."

FROM WILLIAM FAULKNER, in 1955: "Success is too easy. In our country a young man can gain it so quickly and easily that he has not had time to learn the humility to handle it with, or even to discover, realize, that he will need humility."

FROM JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in the same year: "I have heard writers say that they were indifferent to public recognition, that they wrote only to please themselves, even that they did not want a large audience. They were liars, self-deceivers, or, what is perhaps worse, very silly people."

FROM JOHN O'HARA, in 1956: "I hope you will pardon my irreverence when I remind you that if they took the fiction out of history, history would be in a hell of a way. Almost as badly off as if they took the history out of fiction."

FROM W. H. AUDEN, in the same year: "What, in the name of profit, dear foolish publishers, kind unworldly booksellers, am I doing here, out of whom you know as well as I you will never make enough to pay the wages of one incompetent typist. . . ."

ANOTHER POET who would probably agree with this lamentable truth is Theodore Roethke, whose "Words for the Wind" at this writing stands a high chance of winning the NBA award this year.

We studied under Ted Roethke at Lafayette College, more years ago than we care to think about. As a teacher then he was sharp, discerning, relentless. He had no patience with the superficial, and little regard for convention. He would heave into the classroom, a large, bulky, but athletic figure, flop down at his desk with an anguished look of despair at his disciples. Often he would rub his hands across his face and stare at us with a strange form of benevolent contempt.

"Boys," he would say, "I may not get through to you today. One reason is that you look just a little bit more

stupid than usual. The other is that I feel lousy."

He was a teacher who never taught —he breathed his knowledge, and it came through by osmosis. He inspired a profound respect for modern poetry, for poets like Auden, Spender, Louise Bogan, and others. He threw up his hands at Edna St. Vincent Millay. He believed in the tough, hard, sinewy poets—who made you

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

put out the work to appreciate them.

If he wins the award this year, it will be the culmination of over twenty years of dedication to an ideal which, as Auden says, will never make enough to pay the wages of an incompetent typist.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN the NBA winners and the year-round best sellers shows up clearly in the facts and figure department.

Matching the years of the best sellers (as determined by *Publishers' Weekly*) against the NBA books of the appropriate period, we find that not a single top seller made the grade as far as NBA was concerned.

During 1957, "By Love Possessed" ruled the roost, while "The Wapshot Chronicle" took the fiction award at the NBA ceremony, which is always held at the beginning of the succeeding year.

In the same year, the best nonfiction seller was "Kids Say the Darndest Things," while "The Lion and the Throne" took the National Book Award.

In 1956, the best-selling "Don't Go Near the Water" wasn't even a contender for the fiction award, which was taken by "The Field of Vision."

In nonfiction, the biggest seller of them all was, strangely enough, "Arthritis and Common Sense," which in the award class was matched by "Russia Leaves the War."

In 1955, "Marjorie Morningstar" led the commercial world, to be topped in the award ring by "Ten North Frederick," the fiction winner.

In nonfiction that same year, the award went to "American in Italy," contrasted against the top-selling "Gift From the Sea."

It's not too frequent that a best seller even becomes a leading contender for the National Book Award.

As John Cheever said:

"The awards have called attention to some excellent books, they have put them into the hands of people who want them, and at a time when high-minded writing is threatened from every quarter. This seems to me to be a matter of life and death."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1301)

(T.M.) BERNSTEIN:
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE

To be sure, the English language is a changing and growing thing. All its users have, of course, a perceptible or imperceptible effect upon it. But . . . it needs no contrived help from chitchat columnists, ad writers, TV speakers. It will evolve nicely by itself.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 2

Today, with earnestness and sobriety, we make the second of our forays into social science. We take up the most basic of all social sciences—sociology itself.

Sociology teaches us that man is a social animal. It is not instinct or heredity that determines his conduct; it's environment. This fact is vividly borne out when you consider the case of Julio Sigafoos.

Julio, abandoned as an infant in a dark wood near Cleveland, was adopted by a pack of wild dogs and reared as one of their own. When Julio was found by a hunter at the age of twelve, the poor child was more canine than human. He ran on all fours, barked and growled, ate raw meat, lapped water with his tongue, and could neither speak nor understand one single word. In short, he was a complete product of his environment.

Julio, incidentally, was more fortunate than most wild children. They never become truly humanized, but Julio was exceptional. Bit by bit, he began to talk and walk and eat and drink as people do. His long-dormant mental processes, when awakened at last, turned out to be fantastically acute. He was so bright that he learned to read and write in a month, got through grammar school in three years, and high school in two. And last June as thousands of spectators, knowing the odds Julio had overcome, stood and raised cheer after cheer, he was graduated valedictorian from Cal Tech with a degree in astrophysics!

Who can say to what towering heights this incredible boy would have risen had he not been killed the day after commencement while chasing a car?

But I digress. To return to sociology, people tend to gather in groups—a tendency that began, as we all know, with the introduction of Marlboro Cigarettes. What an aid to sociability they are! How benignly one looks upon one's fellows after puffing on Marlboro's filter that really filters, on Marlboro's flavor that's really flavorful. How eager it makes one to extend the hand of friendship! How grateful we all are to Marlboro for making possible this togetherness! How good not to live in the bleak pre-Marlboro world with every man a stranger!

The groups that people live in today (thanks to Marlboro) vary widely in their customs. What is perfectly acceptable in one society may be quite outlandish in another. Take, for instance, the case of Ug Van Wyck.

Ug, a Polynesian lad, grew up in an idyllic South Sea isle where the leading event of the year was the feast of Max, the sun god. A quaint all-day ceremony was held, with tribal dancing, war chants, fat-lady races, pie-eating contests, and, for the grand finale, the sacrifice of two dozen maidens.

According to Ug's folkways, sacrificing maidens was entirely acceptable, but when, in his eighteenth year, he was sent as an exchange student to the University of Wisconsin, he soon learned that Americans take a dim view of this practice—

in Wisconsin, at any rate. The first fifteen or twenty maidens Ug sacrificed, he was let off with a warning. When, however, he persisted, drastic measures were taken: he was depledged by his fraternity. A broken man, Ug quit school and moved to Milwaukee where today he earns a meager living as a stein. © 1959 Max Shulman

* * *

For real sociability, provide Marlboros for filter smokers and Philip Morris for non-filter smokers. Both are made by the Philip Morris company; both sponsor this column; both are tops!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Peff, President, Superior Air Products Co., Newark, N. J., shown in her office with Supairco's recently developed liquid-oxygen "vacuum bottle."

meet Mrs. Peter Peff

talented executive and a good customer of Anaconda

Many a tough problem has been solved by Mrs. Peff and her company since 1952, when she assumed the presidency after her husband's death.

Specialists for thirty years in building low-temperature apparatus and complete plants to produce oxygen and other gases, "Supairco" was called on recently to develop a small, compact, lightweight container to supply oxygen for aircraft crews at high altitudes. Supairco did just that —with its ingenious design for a "vacuum bottle" which holds *liquid oxygen at 297 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit!* One of the key questions—what metals would do the job best?

After careful research and testing, Supairco chose Anaconda's special copper-silicon alloy, Everdur®, for the inner sphere which contains the liquid oxygen. Everdur was selected because of its ready workability, corrosion resistance and high strength—a combination of properties which withstands the vibration and fatigue stresses aloft, *plus* the shocks associated with catapult launchings and carrier-based landings.

For the outer sphere, a shell of highly polished, heat-reflecting Anaconda Copper was used to maintain the vacuum which keeps the liquid-state oxygen at the extremely low temperature necessary.

The "vacuum bottle" shown above, when fully valved and charged, weighs only ⅛ as much as the heavy, cumbersome cylinder it replaces, and requires only a fraction of the space. Yet Supairco's new product provides a high-flying, eight-man crew with all the oxygen it needs.

Anaconda, through its subsidiary The American Brass Company, produces more than 100 standard alloys of copper, each providing its own combination of properties. Special alloys are regularly developed to meet specific applications. This is in keeping with the continuing aim of Anaconda research in the whole nonferrous-metal field: Better ways to do things, in home and industry. 59173 A

ANACONDA®

PRODUCERS OF: COPPER • ZINC • LEAD • ALUMINUM • SILVER
GOLD • PLATINUM • PALLADIUM • CADMIUM • SELENIUM • TELLURIUM
URANIUM OXIDE • MANGANESE • ARSENIC • BISMUTH • INDIUM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
MARCH 7, 1959

THE SUPREME COURT AS AN EDUCATOR

By HARRIS WOFFORD, JR.

Of all the issues in America today, none has caused more bitterness and rancor than the question of civil rights. Northerner and Southerner, liberal and conservative, and black and white have fought the battle of school integration with millions of words. Mr. Wofford is the legal assistant to the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, who is the president of Notre Dame, and a member of the Commission on Civil Rights. In his capacity, Mr. Wofford has traveled extensively through the South, and has observed the recent hearings held by the Commission into voting complaints. A practising lawyer before joining the Commission, Mr. Wofford was born in New York City, and was reared in Johnson City, Tennessee, and Scarsdale, New York. He has written "It's Up to Us" and "India Afire," and his comments in SR *on the segregation issue are his own, and do not necessarily represent those of the Commission.*

"UNDERNEATH everything," a Negro told me recently, "this is a time of progress." Despite the closing and even the bombing of schools he was cheerful. "The only way we make real progress in civil rights is through people thinking about the problem," he said. "Now when I go down the street and a white man looks at my black face I know he is thinking about civil rights—and the United States Constitution."

Unquestionably, millions of Americans, both white and colored, are stirred up by the controversy over racial integration. Probably there is today more disputation about the Constitution than at any time since the days of Calhoun or the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The argument is often angry, both sides seem adamant, and there is tension in the air. But this has always been America's way of thinking about its great issues.

The dynamiting of Clinton High School and the Atlanta temple demonstrates the explosiveness of the dispute. Hate and violence, directed against children, schools, and temples of God, make a horrifying spectacle. But viewed in the perspective of American history there is a process of national reasoning under way in which all this turmoil is playing a part. In this light the tension caused by the militant Negro litigation and by the white Southern defiance is serving a valuable purpose.

For there are genuine problems to be resolved. The white South is saying "No" to school integration in a way that is crippling itself and arousing the country. Yet behind this "No," which seems so unreasonable to many in the North and to most Negroes, there are reasons that need to be considered. Through its massive resistance the South is saying something to the country that must be heard and answered.

"I know what a white parent in the Deep South must feel," a Northern Negro educator told me just after he had returned from a trip South. One morning he had visited a new Negro school on the outskirts of a big Southern city. "I stood on the steps as the children came to class," he said. "I watched those little boys and girls, so many of them in dirty, ragged clothes, carrying their shoes to put on when they went into the new school building. I saw their uncombed, tangled hair, and I remembered the shacks and tenements and broken homes they had just come from. I found tears streaming down my face, for them and for the white people, too. For a moment—just a moment—I put myself in the shoes of a white parent,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Wide World.

Members of the Commission on Civil Rights at first meeting. From left to right: the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame; the late J. Ernest Wilkins, former Assistant Secretary of Labor; John S. Battle, former governor of Virginia; Chairman John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State Univ.; Doyle E. Carlton, former governor of Florida, and Robert G. Storey, of So. Methodist Univ.

and I knew that even one who believed in brotherhood, even one who thought the Supreme Court was right, would look at those little Negro children and say, 'No, not now, not with them, not my child, not yet.' "

It is easy to answer that under the Supreme Court decisions integration can come very gradually, probably one grade a year, beginning in the first grade, as in Nashville, and that a voluntary transfer plan is permissible by which parents may ask that their children be assigned to schools with a majority of their own race. In Nashville, all the whites in school districts with a majority of Negroes shifted to predominantly white schools, and of the some 200 Negro first-graders eligible for formerly all-white schools, over 90 per cent (all but eighteen) asked to be transferred to Negro schools. If only 10 per cent of the Negroes choose integrated schools, the fears of the white parent should subside, for the Negroes who make this choice are likely to be those who come from families with standards more like those of middle-class whites. The white South has been saying that the Negro prefers segregation. To the extent that this is true—and no doubt many Negro parents will not wish their children to be subjected to the embarrassments or dangers of being a colored minority in a white school—the white South need not fear gradual integration where there is some provision for voluntary transfers.

But this is only a partial answer, and the massive resistance of the white South will probably not listen to it, at least not yet. On the other hand, the Supreme Court has spoken, and even the most violent opposition, even the abandonment of a public school system in some states, will not make the Court change its mind that enforced segregation is unconstitutional. In addition, with the continuing Negro migration to the cities of the North and West, where soon half of the Negro population will live, mostly in overcrowded ghettoes, the problem of low Negro standards of living, health and education and of schools segregated not by law but in fact is mounting and becoming truly nationwide.

The blackboard jungles growing in the slums of our great cities and the white escape to the suburbs leaving these vast colored ghettoes in most Northern cities are forcing us to face the facts of our racial and educational crisis. And one of the biggest of these facts, the one to which the white South clings, is that there is a gap between the standards of health, education, and morality of a substantial part of the Negro population and of the majority of white Americans. To be sure, this gap is the legacy of slavery, emancipation in blood and chaos, and four generations of economic discrimination and separate but inferior schools. To be sure, the Negro has come a long way in less than a hundred years of freedom. But the gap remains, and the white parent does not want to inflict upon his children the price of remedying the sins of omission and commission of many generations. On this one solid reason a tower of irrationality has been built.

THE white South would like these unfortunate results of segregation to be accepted as a reason for its perpetuation. But there is another alternative: to turn the segregationist argument upside down by accepting the fact of a racial gap in standards and doing something about it. The very demoralization of a considerable part of the Negro community is a reason for proceeding with the fulfillment of the equal protection of the laws in all fields of public life, including public schools. The constitutional necessity of ending racial discrimination in public education can thus become the occasion for a generation-long program to end the demoralization that is making the South and many Northern cities sick.

If this is the nation's response to the white South's resistance, the suffering of these years will not have been in vain. For the nation needed to know that school integration was far more complicated and costly than merely mixing the races in schools. The Supreme Court understood this, and left the resolution in each area to be worked out "with all deliberate speed" by the local community and the district court. But it is for the other organs of our national life and for the people themselves to do the deliberation. To close the gap in standards of living, health and education within one generation will take speed. Bayonets cannot make desegregation succeed, but a far-reaching national program to end the demoralization resulting from racial discrimination could do so. Gradual school integration could be geared into such a program, and the school itself become a radiating center for raising the standards of all depressed groups in all parts of the country.

Is there any reason to believe that this will happen, or that in some other manner the heat of the present racial controversy can be turned into light? As a lawyer, it seems to me that there is and that the Constitution is the instrument through which it will happen—through which it may be happening even now.

The Constitution was designed to contain the conflicting energies of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states, classes and factions and to transform these conflicts into illuminating national debates. Out of the frictions, the checks and balances, the divisions of power of our republican federal system was supposed to be generated the consent of the governed.

The great machine is still working. The decisions of the Supreme Court and the resistance to them in the South are raising the most fundamental questions about our national purpose and the nature of our law. We can expect that out of this conflict national enlightenment is coming.

The President says that "mere law" will not suffice since racial integration is a problem of changing the minds and hearts of men. But law, and in this country above all the Constitution, is a major source of the education that the President feels is necessary.

We learn to drive on the right side of the street by obeying the law that requires this. The citizens of the thirteen original states came to consider themselves citizens of the United States because the Constitution was ratified, established, and enforced. Without the working of the Constitution no amount of talk would have convinced Americans to abandon their parochial loyalties for a higher allegiance. So today compliance with the Constitution is itself an important form of instruction in our constitutional duties. Negro voting does more to change the habits and opinions of those who oppose this than any amount of argument about the proposition. Similarly, Negro children in formerly all white schools will go a long way to convince parents that integration is feasible. Thus enforcing the law is part of the problem of changing the minds and hearts of people.

BUT what happens when the public disagreement runs so deep that the law cannot be successfully enforced, as is the case in parts of the South with school integration? The answer is that the American constitutional process is educational even when it is temporarily deadlocked, and the Supreme Court is a great teacher even when it is massively resisted.

As Bryce said, "The Supreme Court is the living voice of the Constitution . . . , the conscience of the people." As it expounds the great constitutional promises such as "freedom of speech," "due process of law," and "the equal protection of the laws"—broad provisions that were, as Justice Frankfurter said, "purposely left to gather meaning from experience"—it inevitably goes against the opinions of some part of the people. As a kind of Socratic teacher, the Court must expect that those who are stung from their slumbers will come back with sharp criticism and with challenges to its authority. Any good teacher wants this. At times the Court restrains us until the constitutional doubt is resolved, at times it goads us to follow the logic of our first principles into new fields. But in each case it is playing a part in the national process of persuasion that is the grand design of the Constitution.

WE pay a price for continuing this constitutional experiment. No politburo, no ruling general can bring us into line overnight. Racial integration cannot be imposed by fiat. Speed in our system, on the important issues that divide us, must be deliberate. Calhoun lost his battle, but citizens and states, if they are ready to accept the consequences, can still interpose themselves between a Court decision or Congressional act and its enforcement. The principle of a tyranny is fear, says Montesquieu; of a republic it is learning. If our law is to be free, then each law must be viewed not simply as a command but also as a question. Is this law necessary? Is it just and good?

The Court's school decision was, as Justice Frankfurter has noted, "the unanimous conclusion of a long-matured deliberative process." But no Court decision is the last word. In a republic it is not the teacher but the students, not the governors but the governed who in the end must learn and rule.

In this light, we can view the spectacle of litigation, court orders, and massive resistance, of bus boycotts, the arrests of Negro leaders, and the bombings of schools and churches, of children, teachers, ministers and politicians being tormented and tested, of all this and what is still to come, as the great drama ordained by the Constitution. Out of the comedy and the tragedy, if we will but watch and listen and play our parts well, we can hope that our minds and hearts will be entertained, enlightened, educated, and changed.

—*Wide World.*

Aaron Sellers (top), Bullock County (Ala.) farmer, testifies before the Commission on Civil Rights in hearings on voting registration. Grady Rogers (bottom), member of Macon County (Ala.) Board of Registrars, receives advice before refusing to testify—"the American constitutional process is educational even when temporarily deadlocked."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Faulkner to Film

Mr. Wald began producing motion pictures in 1941, and "The Sound and the Fury" is his second excursion into the never-never land of translating Faulkner into film. Hollis Alpert, SR*'s movie critic, appraises Mr. Wald's efforts on page 28.*

By JERRY WALD

IT IS in terms of bringing something strong and vital to the screen that the complex work of William Faulkner particularly appeals to the film maker. The very fact that his work does not easily lend itself to adaptation makes it an intriguing challenge. Although good films have sometimes been based on second-rate literary sources, the richness and depth of an excellent book cannot help but "rub off," as it were, in its transferal to the screen. The basis of every good film is a good story; even the cleverest acting and direction can only disguise—but never transform—poor material. You can gild lead, but you can't turn it into gold. However, if you start with gold, you're liable to end up with it, too.

Mining the rich ore of Faulkner's work for a film is an exciting experience, as our writers, our directors and I can attest. Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., a husband-and-wife team, wrote the screenplays of both "The Long Hot Summer" and "The Sound and the Fury." The former was based very freely on Faulkner's novel, "The Hamlet," and his short story, "Barn Burner."

"The Long Hot Summer" was a film of a very different texture and feeling than "The Sound and the Fury." It emphasized the current of humor that can be found in Faulkner's work: a grass roots kind of humor—shrewd, salty, broad, and sometimes bizarre. The Ravetches did not attempt to follow the plot or even retain all the characters of "The Hamlet." What they did attempt to do was to put into their screenplay the flavor and spirit of an aspect of Faulkner's work.

THIS brings me very quickly to the question that is always asked in relation to the adaptation of a literary work to the screen. How "faithful" to the original must you be? I think the answer to this lies primarily in recognizing the peculiar requirements of the motion picture as a creative medium. Both the novel as a literary form and the theatre as a dramatic form have certain requirements and limitations. So does the motion picture. There is some flexibility between these media—an area of overlapping functions and effects—but you cannot *directly* transfer one into another.

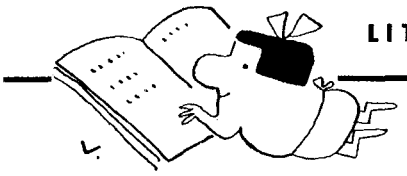
Perhaps the most individual characteristic of the motion picture is its ability to guide the eye of the spectator. More than just a succession of scenes, in a theatrical sense, a film is a series of images. The director, through his choice of camera angles, closeups and long shots, is constantly emphasizing this or that detail. As a story-telling medium, the motion picture has (far more than the theatre) a strong visual impact. Settings, atmosphere and situations, which in prose writing would require many pages of description, can be conveyed on the screen in a few seconds. Hence, in the broadest terms, adapting a literary work to the screen involves an attempt to capture in dramatic and visual terms the *spirit* and *essence* of the original. To try to film the contents of a novel virtually word for word, as Erich Von Stroheim once did with Frank Norris's "McTeague," would be to end up with—as he did—a film of grotesquely gargantuan and unwieldy proportions.

With "The Sound and the Fury," the Ravetches used as a clue for their screenplay William Faulkner's own statement, made in his celebrated *Paris Review* interview, that the story "is set in motion by a young girl in a Mississippi family, without love or affection or understanding, who climbs down a rainpipe to flee from the only home she ever knew." This episode is most clearly related in the novel in its fourth, objectively recounted section. While Faulkner explores in the first three parts of his novel various subjective viewpoints, including the mind of an idiot, and in so doing proceeds toward a final, objective tale of events, in our film it seemed most expedient to begin with the objective narrative and gradually reveal the weight of the past through this. For instance, although we do not hear Benjy's disconnected thoughts in our film, some of the information provided in that first section of the novel has been

(*Continued on page 42*)

Producer Jerry Wald on "The Sound and the Fury" set with star Margaret Leighton, who plays the aging mother, Candace.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LITERARY HORIZONS

The International Scene

By Granville Hicks

JOHN WAIN, editor of **"International Literary Annual"** (Criterion, $6), says that "the book is intended for readers who want to know what is happening in the world of letters." In part the contributions to the volume seem calculated to fulfill that purpose: there are accounts of poetry in England and the United States, a study of the novel in Germany, and surveys of postwar developments in France and Italy. But we also have essays on particular writers—Mann, Eliot, Baudelaire, Cary—and general essays on such topics as the problem of commitment, the future of the novel, and the electronic revolution. Finally there is a handful of poems and an amusing little sketch by Rebecca West. In short, the book is like the old-fashioned literary miscellany of which Britons have always been so fond.

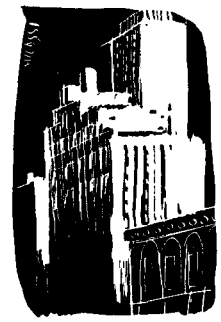
The surveys are all informative, although some are better than others. Ugo Varnai has a painstaking study of Italian literature in 1957—novels, poetry, criticism, and journalism—and Jean-Pierre Richard has done a comparable job for French literature. H. M. Waidson's "The Recent German Novel" is both more limited and more analytical.

The most impressive of the surveys is Carolyn Kizer's discussion of poetry in the United States. Miss Kizer covers the subject thoroughly, even discussing the influence of certain poets who are no longer living, such as Hart Crane and Phelps Putnam. She talks about more than thirty poets, from Robert Frost to David Wagoner, and she says something incisive about each of them. Her essay is as penetrating as it is inclusive, and I can think of no better introduction to contemporary American poetry. By contrast, A. Alvarez has given a sketchy account of British poetry: he makes some comments on the postwar development known as "the Movement," and then confines himself to two poets, Philip Larkin and Thom Gunn.

The summaries permit some generalization. In each of the five countries considered there seems to be an abundance of talent, but few figures of commanding importance have appeared since the war, and everywhere critics are impatiently looking for them. The feeling seems to be widespread that something new ought to have developed or to be developing, something peculiarly expressive of our era. Some observers think they see signs, while others don't, but all agree that the expected revolution hasn't taken place.

The literary essays vary in scope and relevance. Mario Praz's comments on the writing habits of Alberto Moravia, Shelley, and Dickens are very slight indeed, and Andrew Wright, who knows a lot about Joyce Cary, has given us only a fragment. John Unterecker has some interesting and optimistic remarks on the effects of paperback publishing. Marshall McLuhan suggests, but merely suggests, some of the ways in which radio and television may change our patterns of thought. W. J. Harvey tries to destroy the misconceptions about the Angry Young Men.

The most controversial essay is Alain Robbe-Grillet's "Reflections on Some Aspects of the Traditional Novel." Robbe-Grillet argues that the elements that make up the traditional novel are worn out, and he discusses the demise of two particular elements, character and story. Characters in fiction, he maintains, are no longer possible because the era of the individual has ended. ("It may not be a sign of progress, but it is certainly a fact, that the present age is rather that of the identity-card, the official number.") As for telling a story, one does it either to amuse, he says, which is trivial, or to instruct, and there are better modes of instruction. What, then, is left? Only form, only art. ("Art contains nothing, expresses nothing.") What we have seen in this country of the work of Robbe-Grillet and of his ally in the war against the traditional novel, Nathalie Sarraute, scarcely encourages us to believe that their answer is the right one, and yet the essay raises some thorny problems.



Among the problems Robbe-Grillet raises is the question of the nature of the writer's commitments, and this is a topic that is discussed in a number of essays. In the first essay in the book Robert Conquest points out the dangers, which I should have thought were sufficiently recognized at the present moment, of commitment to a particular party or a particular ideology. Then K. W. Gransden offers some comments of a rather superficial sort on larger commitments. Robbe-Grillet, as we have seen, makes an ardent appeal for art for art's sake, but by saying at the very end that art "is probably the form of the world," he opens the gate to a host of qualifications.

Just how complicated the problem is is illustrated in Michael Hamburger's essay on Baudelaire. Hamburger quotes Baudelaire on both sides of the argument. He said, for instance, "Poetry is sufficient to itself." But he also wrote, "The puerile utopia of art for art's sake, by excluding morality and often even passion, was inevitably sterile," and he declared that "the complete absence of the right and the true in art amounts to a lack of art." Where Baudelaire vacillated, Thomas Mann, as Gabriel Pearson demonstrates, developed a carefully considered theory of the writer's responsibilities, and his success in putting it into practice justifies Pearson's title, "The Heroism of Thomas Mann."

It is good to have the problem of commitment back on the agenda, so to speak. Partly because so many commitments of a dangerous kind were urged upon writers and accepted by some of them in the Thirties, partly because there are so many pressures in the postwar world, writers haven't wanted to talk about their commitments, and often have asserted that they didn't have any. This is a maneuver that writers commonly resort to in periods that are hostile to literary activity, and sometimes it is absolutely necessary. The important thing is for the writer to write, and if he can only do so by evading external pressure, then evasion is justified. On the other hand, writers always are committed, and the nature of their true commitments has to be examined, if only to guard them against false commitments. That the problem is again being talked about is a healthy sign.

For the rest, the annual indicates how much writers of the West have in common. Although there are national differences, there are much deeper resemblances. Everywhere there is the feeling that there must be a break-through and that, however good the work is that is being done, something better or at any rate different is needed. At the same time we find here no foolish disparaging of present achievements, which are shown to be considerable.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Major Moments in the Memories of Five Ladies

One wearied of the sordid in letters might well find refreshment in the poetry, wit, and courage expressed in a quintet of memoirs just published, each limning a deliberately circumscribed segment of private experience: in Mexico, Japan, New York, Connecticut, an iron lung. Patricia MacManus, a free-lance writer who was for several years publicity director of Viking Press, briefs them for us. They are: ***"The Changing Wind," by Karena Shields*** *(Crowell. 215 pp. $3.95),* ***"Rain and the Feast of the Stars," by Reiko Hatsumi*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 215 pp. $3.50),* ***"A Long Way from Missouri," by Mary Margaret McBride*** *(Putnam. 254 pp. $3.75),* ***"The Professor and I," by Dorothy Van Doren*** *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 246 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Looking Up," by Jane Boyle Needham,*** *as told to Rosemary Taylor (Putnam. 191 pp. $3.50).*

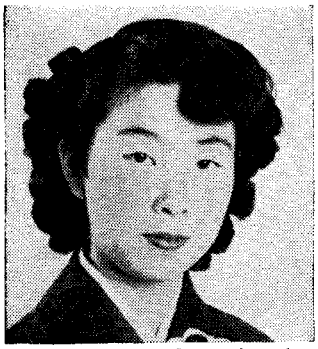
By PATRICIA MacMANUS

THE autobiographical "true story" exerts a certain *sui generis* fascination, whether it be the enduring view from Olympus of a Henry Adams, or, say, the passing peep show of a Diana Barrymore—to pick random polarities. And in America, anyway, we can't seem to get enough of it, judging by the geyser of told-by, told-to, told-with tomes which continue to erupt from the presses. Five current examples, none of them intended as autobiographies in depth, are considered here, each a first-person narrative by a woman, and each dealing with one major phase of the author's life.

Of the five, "The Changing Wind," by Karena Shields, is the most consciously self-interpretive. Gifted with a controlled, poetic style, Mrs. Shields summons up vivid remembrance of her childhood years on a rubber plantation managed by her nonconformist father in a remote, mountainous section of Mexico. Of herself as a child, she says, "I had . . . an ability to identify myself with everything I saw, with everything others felt"—a somewhat cosmic claim which she makes convincing *vis-à-vis* the exotic circumstances she treats of. From her first arrival at San Leandro at the age of three, she became intensely part of this jungle-hemmed fastness, and growingly drawn by its ancient rhythms of life—rhythms punctuated by more mundane adventures as well, some hair-raising, some hilarious. But it was her recurrent, and solitary, encounters with a band of the proud, elusive Karevis Indians, descendants of the Mayans, that made the deepest imprint on the young Karena, opening her mind and spirit to mystical concepts of the universe which, we gather, continued to influence her long after she left her childhood world.

A memory of childhood is also the substance of Reiko Hatsumi's "Rain and the Feast of the Stars," a memory so quietly, almost impersonally presented, that it isn't till one has closed the book that the full picture emerges: a pastel image, deftly, delicately sketched. The seventh child of a well-to-do Tokyo family, Miss Hatsumi grew up in a rigorously traditional social ambiance that was, however, religiously split: her mother was a Buddhist, her father a Catholic of progressive intellectual ideas. The conflict that this engendered in the sensitive, shy Reiko drove her further into herself, she indicates, because a descendant of the Samurai doesn't challenge her environment—"and even now," she writes, "I feel guilty, finding myself in the chapel dreaming of a heaven with flowering lotus blossoms and rainbow-colored *mandalas.*" But the predominant tone is one of serene observation as the author recalls her ceremonious home life, her beloved Japanese nurse, her convent schooling, her nature-enraptured summer holidays, and her ultimate departure for an American university. This appealing reminiscence is one that refreshes and informs the Occidental reader, but one which leaves, instead of the cross-grained stuff of life, something gossamer between the fingers.

THE traditions of pre-1920 Paris, Missouri, may not have been quite as ceremonial as those of the Samurai of Tokyo, but they were equally conservative, as that town's most famous representative, Mary Margaret Mc-



—*Werner J. Kuhn.*

Reiko Hatsumi

Mary Margaret McBride, at 18

Karena Shields

—*Jerry Quigg.*

Dorothy Van Doren

They recall dreams of lotus blossoms, conquest of "terrible" New York, encounters with the Karevis, the gentle flow of family life.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From "The Valadon Drama."

Suzanne Valadon at twenty (left) in hat bought for her by Toulouse-Lautrec; at right, Lautrec's portrait of her wearing his gift.

Bride, attests in "A Long Way from Missouri." " 'Terrible things happen to young girls in New York City,' my mother reflected dubiously," Miss McBride recollects in the opening sentence of the exuberant saga of her invasion of that nether world known to proper Missourians of the time as "The East." The invasion was a stunning success, as countless Americans know—whether or not they fully appreciate her role as one of the first ace women journalists of her era and, subsequently, the pioneer and ultimate *doyenne* of distaff radio interviewers. As an evocation of an outstanding career girl's life in New York in the Twenties, Mary Margaret's story has all the enchantment, plus more substance, of the later-day "My Sister Eileen"—from her first job on the *Daily Mail* ("We need a girl who can cover fires dramatically"), and her first big-city beau (an ardent Hungarian who turned out to have a wife on the side), to her years of journalistic fame and friendships with the great and the gifted. Throughout, the tale glows with the humanity of a woman who has never stinted in giving of herself, nor lost the ingenuous enthusiasms of youth; and if an almost *in extremis* modesty inhibits the author from projecting a fully dimensioned picture of herself, it is after all a fault of virtue rather than art.

A glimpse into the home life of an extraordinarily gifted family is offered in Dorothy Van Doren's "The Professor and I." The Professor, of course, is Mark Van Doren, poet, editor, playwright, and greatly beloved Columbia University teacher, recently retired. And again, *of course*, one of the Van Dorens' two sons is Charles of meteoric TV-quiz fame. Humorously chatty in tone, Mrs. Van Doren's book concentrates on the purely familial aspects of life with "the Professor," as she consistently refers to her husband, and, more peripherally, their sons and daughters-in-law. The result is an engaging surface view of an enviably happy marriage and parenthood, seen mainly through a series of domestic adventures on the Van Dorens' Connecticut farm and in their New York house—adventures which may not fully satisfy the interest of the brilliant Professor Van Doren's many admirers, but which will surely spark reader-identification among thousands of Americans who might have thought their lives were light-years removed from this distinguished clan.

THE FINAL story in this autobiographical quintet, "Looking Up," is told by a young woman who has spent nine years in an iron lung. Jane Boyle Needham was the wife of a handsome airlines pilot and the mother of three small children when she was suddenly struck down with a totally paralyzing polio. Blow followed blow as her husband demanded a divorce and custody of their children, and her doctors insisted that permanent hospitalization was her only hope for survival. But Mrs. Needham's indomitable spirit and determination, plus the help of heroically generous parents and devoted friends, eventually won her not only release from the hospital but custody of her children. For the past five years, from inside her iron cage, she has directed the running of her modest California house and the upbringing of her youngsters, with the aid of three staunch, 'round-the-clock nurses.

A lively sense of humor and a deeply rooted religious faith have been major factors in Jane Needham's luminous triumph over the fantastic limitations imposed on her—factors that make "Looking Up" the story of a happy life.

Montmartre's Mistress

***"The Valadon Drama," by John Storm** (Dutton. 271 pp. $4.95), is both an artistic history of Montmartre and a biography of the wild child of the streets who became the mother of Maurice Utrillo. Reading it is an exciting experience, in the opinion of our critic, Ben Ray Redman.*

By Ben Ray Redman

SUZANNE VALADON came to Montmartre in 1866, when she was only a few months old. She died on Montmartre in 1938, after spending her lifetime on the Holy Hill where St. Denis had suffered martyrdom some seventeen hundred years before. Bastard daughter of a provincial seamstress who could find nothing better to do in Paris than to scrub floors, while steadily consoling herself with brandy and red wine, Suzanne was a child of the Butte's twisted streets. She ran wild, filthy, and uncared for, precociously learning lessons that a child should never learn, possessed by the joy of living, her small body bursting with vitality, determined to go her own way and have her own way.

It was a dangerous beginning. But this same wild child of the streets was to grow into a woman who could say with confidence, and without absurdity, shortly before she died, "But do you know, *chérie*, I think maybe God has made *me* France's greatest woman painter." This same *gamine*, who in girlhood was the scandal of a quarter in which it was difficult indeed to be scandalous, would lie in death before the altar of Montmartre's parish church while Edouard Herriot, twice Premier of France, delivered her eulogy. However, the road that led to the little church of St. Pierre was long; it was a road on which Suzanne's zest for life and love found full expression, but it was also a road that was black with tragedy.

While she was growing up, Montmartre was becoming the artistic center of the world. She was nine when the Impressionists had their First Group Exhibition; seven years later she entered their company as a model, bringing to her work a tiny but beautiful body, an ivory skin, and a lust for living. Soon the number of her lovers began to climb skyward. For a while she was the acknowledged mistress of Puvis de Chavannes; later she lived with Renoir and Erik Satie. But the nondescript Jacques and Jeans and Georges of Montmartre were as welcome to enjoy her favors

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as were their now famous contemporaries. Promiscuous is an ugly word. Let us say that Suzanne was generous to her friends, and generous to herself in the satisfaction of her own ardent desires.

In the fall of 1883, when a young Catalan named Miguel Utrillo was the most conspicuous of her admirers, she became pregnant. It was the beginning of a prolonged tragedy, for the child who would be born to her would be Maurice Utrillo; he would become one of the world's most famous painters, but he would also be a hopeless alcoholic at the age of fourteen, a periodic inmate of rest homes and insane asylums, and a son who would turn his light-hearted mother into a hysterical shrew, desperately trying to defend her wretched child against himself and the world.

During Maurice's early years, however, Suzanne was an indifferent parent, content to leave him in the care of his brandy-soaked grandmother, who soothed him with wine when he flew into rages that were terrifying in their inexplicable violence. During these years Suzanne was busy becoming an artist. As a child she had drawn incessantly, on scraps of paper and the sidewalks of Montmartre. Now she began to draw again. Toulouse-Lautrec caught her at work on a charcoal sketch, was delighted with what he saw and became her first customer. At his insistence she submitted her drawings to Degas, who believed with Ingres that "drawing was the very core of artistic expression." He took her portfolio "as though it were a package from his tailor," and opened it without interest. But when he closed it he turned to her and said simply, "Yes. It is true. You are indeed one of us." Suzanne was on her way, a way that she was to follow in glorious independence of all artistic theories and movements, for "to her, art was an expression of private passion, uncomplicated and irrational."

Making admirable use of his ample sources, and with a skill that commands unflagging interest, John Storm has told the story of Suzanne without sensationalism, and without the lush writing and purple patches that have disfigured some other books concerned with the same time and place. He has also sketched the artistic history of Montmartre and has drawn individual portraits, such as that of Modigliani, that pulse with life. The illustrations give us a clear idea of the strength and simplicity of Suzanne's line; we must look elsewhere for her color. But we need not go beyond Mr. Storm's pages to meet and know the woman herself—and this is an exciting experience.

—Bettmann.

Susan B. Anthony cartooned left in 1873 newspaper; pictured right as young crusader.

First Lady of the 19th Amendment

***"Susan B. Anthony: Rebel, Crusader, Humanitarian," by Alma Lutz** (Beacon. 340 pp. $5.75), captures the spirit of an intrepid fighter for woman's suffrage. Walter Magnes Teller, the biographer of Joshua Slocum, teaches writing at the New School.*

By Walter Magnes Teller

ONLY the other day, under the headline "Swiss Males Deny Federal Vote to Women, but Yield 1 Canton" *The New York Times* published a report concerning the fate of a nationwide referendum to give the ladies of the inland republic the ballot in national elections and the right to run for national office. Having just read Alma Lutz's biography of Susan B. Anthony, I was struck by the timelessness of the struggle of the brave old girl and saint—if ever there was one—of suffrage.

Goals of social betterment don't change much; neither do *laissez-faire* and reaction. Though Miss Anthony now is fifty some years to leeward, her cause is still carrying canvas. The arguments of its opponents grow older rather than brighter. The item in *The Times,* date-lined Geneva, 1 February, reported:

> . . . One national legislator warned . . . "It is better to be one man's darling than the elected choice of 20,000 . . ."
>
> One antifeminist poster read: "If a woman is happy, what does politics mean to her? If she is unhappy, will politics make any difference?"

It is good to know Susan Anthony because, in the words of Herbert Muller, the self-conscious individual at his best is the glory of civilization. The virtue of Miss Lutz's book lies not in its literary charm or power, or depth of psychological insight, but in choice of subject: the life story of a carrier of human dignity.

Susan Brownell Anthony was born in 1820 on a farm at the foot of Mt. Greylock near Adams, Massachusetts. She was one of a large family. Her father, Daniel, whom she greatly admired, was a prospering Quaker cotton mill owner. He married out of meeting Lucy Read, a spirited young woman who liked to sing.

Susan got her first taste of learning in the school which her father set up in his house. He was one of the few in his day who believed in education for girls. When she was eleven Susan observed that a woman worker in her father's mill knew the business better than the overseer. Why not make the woman overseer, she asked her father. He replied that it would not do.

When Susan was eighteen her father's mill failed. The family moved to New York State and eventually settled in Rochester. Susan went to work teaching school. Her ability equaled any man's but her pay was only a fourth as much.

The Anthonys were an outstanding family, high-principled, intelligent, devoted to one another. All were strongly antislavery. Susan read William Lloyd Garrison's "Liberator" at home. Her thinking, however, went further. Negroes, she saw, were not the only disfranchised in the new world. Indians were. And women.

Beginning with the simple demand

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to speak in public—at that time unheard of for females—Miss Anthony launched a lifelong commitment. She announced her single-minded purpose in the motto of her paper, *The Revolution:* Men their rights, and nothing more; women, their rights and nothing less. She worked in the temperance movement and then, for a year, wore the rig Amelia Bloomer promoted. She valued the relief from floor-sweeping skirts but saw that dress reform stole away men's minds from more political issues. She moved on to property rights for married women, and then to abolition. In Albany she addressed an antislavery meeting while the mayor sat on the platform, a revolver across his knees to discourage a jeering mob. On Election Day 1872, Miss Anthony tested the fourteenth amendment by voting; whereupon she was arrested, tried, and fined. From then on she focused her efforts on Federal woman suffrage.

WHEN in 1906, aged eighty-six, Susan Anthony died, only four states, all Western, had granted women the vote. However, she knew she had brought her people to the border of the nineteenth amendment. "Failure is impossible," she charged them. After her death, her generals pressed on and, the 26th of August 1920, crossed over to a woman-enfranchised land.

Despite her limitations as a writer, I thoroughly enjoyed Miss Lutz's biography. It is richly informative, well documented, and just now when disengagement and morbidity are in fashion, nourishing to the soul. Its wonderful photos of Miss Anthony and her companions (women and also men derided as nancies and betties), form a gallery of nineteenth-century great hearts.

USA

Century Salute to First Strike

Oil and Old Timers Recall an America Past

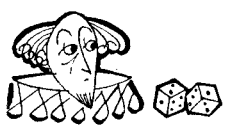
By JOHN T. WINTERICH

IF THERE seems to be a slight whiff of oil in the air today, it is undoubtedly the Spirit of Petroleum seeking recognition in a year of centennials and sesquicentennials. What price Poe, Lincoln, Darwin, Holmes, Havelock Ellis? To millions of men and women the price of gasoline is infinitely more important. Back in 1859 the first oil well was brought in—and for two mammals, the whale and the horse, this was the handwriting on the wall.

The discovery of "a subterranean fountain of oil" at Titusville, Pa., in 1859 was made by a local workman hired by a New Haven Railroad conductor named Edwin L. Drake, who had heard about oil from a New Haven bank president named James Townsend, who had heard about oil from the great Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale. The date was August 27th—a Saturday. (This year, unfortunately, August 27th will be a Thursday.) Hildegarde Dolson tells the story in **"The Great Oildorado"** (Random House, $3.95), which carries the subtitle "The gaudy and turbulent years of the first oil rush: Pennsylvania, 1859-1880." Miss Dolson grew up in Franklin, Pa., twenty-two miles from Titusville, and writes familiarly of familiar things; she has delved to good purpose into a rich deposit of sources, most of them local. Her prose is a little bouncy, but so is her subject. It is somewhat startling to learn that John Wilkes Booth, whom one wouldn't suspect of getting into a thing like this, visited the Pennsylvania oil country in 1864 and acquired an interest in what turned out later to be a real bonanza. "If the stroke had happened a year earlier," speculates Miss Dolson, "it might have swerved the course of history. Diverted by a brand-new, high-flowing gusher, Booth might have stayed in Pennsylvania."

Some of the same ground is covered in **"The Oil Century: From the Drake Well to the Conservation Era,"** by J. Stanley Clark (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.95). Mr. Clark is not specifically concerned with history for history's sake or for story's sake; his field is progress in production techniques right up to 1958. He goes in pretty heavily for figures and tabulations. But figures need not be uninteresting, and Mr. Clark's certainly are not. In 1902 there were 23,000 automobiles of all types in the United States; in 1935 the American Petroleum Institute estimated that by 1960 there would be 35,000,000 passenger cars on the roads—by 1949 there were 36,000,000. In 1900 less than 8 per cent of our power and heat requirements was provided by oil and gas; today the figure is 65 per cent. In 1914 only 4 per cent of the world's merchant and naval tonnage was powered by oil; today the percentage is close to 90. There are good illustrations.

Coincidental with the centennial nosegays to the oil industry, there is a heady reek of petroleum and the sharp stench of corruption in high places in **"Teapot Dome,"** by M. R. Werner and John Starr (Viking, $5), which recites, for the first time in its entirety, the story of one of the murkiest conspiracies in American history—the scandal that put a Cabinet member into a Federal prison and placed one of America's wealthiest men behind bars for contempt of the United States Senate. The Cabinet member was Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the



Your Literary I. Q.

NO SNAKE-EYES, NO BOXCARS

Conducted by John T. Winterich

Did Shakespeare ever shoot craps? There is no direct evidence to that effect, but David Deutsch of New York City has noted several uses of dicing terms which are, to say the least, suggestive. He asks you to identify the plays in which these citations appear. All bets are paid on page 36.

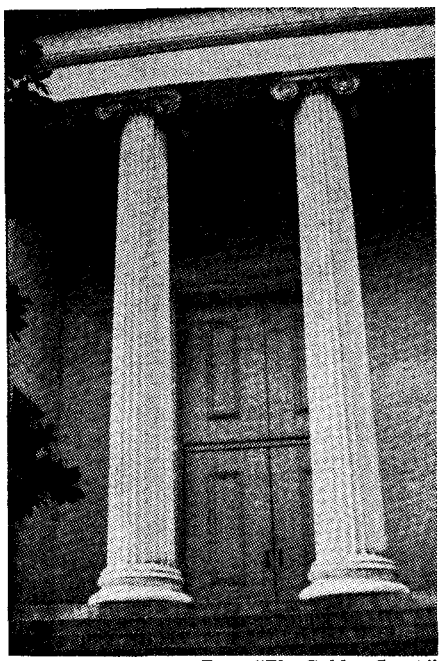
1. "You say, seven?"
2. "Power divine hath looked upon my passes."
3. "Where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see."
4. "Do fade so fast?"
5. "No more money out of me at this throw."
6. "You are most hot and furious."
7. "Ay, there's the point, sir."
8. "I shall shake thy bones."
9. "Go, bid the soldiers shoot."
10. "If I could shake off but one seven."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interior under President Harding, and the wealthy contemner was Harry F. Sinclair. Edward L. Doheny was also tried for conspiracy and acquitted. Fall was charged with accepting bribes totaling half a million dollars for disposing of naval oil lands to private interests. The properties were the Elk Hills and Buena Vista Hills Reserves in California and the Teapot Dome Reserve in Wyoming. The two California reserves comprised 67,000 acres, the Wyoming less than 9,500. But the name "Teapot Dome" caught and held the imagination, and still holds it. (Who of this generation will ever forget those vicuña coats?)

Messrs. Werner and Starr have done an excellent job of condensation; they reduce the whole involved and tortuous case to an exciting narrative of less than 300 pages. They have made it, moreover, what it basically is: a thrilling detective story terminating (*à la* Perry Mason) in vivid courtroom pyrotechnics—and all for real. The Teapot Dome mess occupied much of the period from 1921 to 1931 (in which year Fall was released from prison), and that was quite a while ago. Those who remember the scandal as page-one material will find this fine reconstruction absorbing, and so will those who are too young to remember it. Messrs. Werner and Starr have brought the principals sharply to life. At the end they close out all accounts and run down the subsequent careers of all concerned to the point of no return. One of them, they footnote, "was still alive when this book went to press." He is a very old man.

John Leakey, born near Uvalde, Texas, in 1873, listened to tales about earlier days in the neighborhood told by his grandfather, who had come down from Tennessee in 1847. It was an era of bad men and Indian fighting, and things got worse with the Civil War. John held various ranch jobs, and in 1893 joined a crew that was taking a herd of cattle by train from Clayton, N.M., to Orin Junction, Wyo.; they rode and slept on flat cars. From Wyoming, John trailed to O'Fallon, Mont., swimming his herd across the Yellowstone. He joined an outfit near Dickinson, N.D., and began a career as cowhand and rancher that lasted until 1958, when he headed back to Texas and rest. **"The West That Was: From Texas to Montana"** (Southern Methodist University Press, $5) is his story, written in collaboration with Nellie Snyder Yost of Nebraska, who comes by her own knowledge of ranching honestly: her father was an old cowhand, and she set down his reminiscences in "Pinnacle Jake." There is a nice air of authenticity about this old-timer's recollections; he does not go in for tall tales or heroics. There are many memorable little touches; Leakey's fellow-Texan John Moore, for instance, "couldn't read or write words but he could read any brand he ever saw, and read it quick." There is even a trace of oil—a boomlet that hit Sidney, Mont., in 1951. The book has interesting photographs.



—From "The Golden Coast."

Classic revival: Alabama's Government Street Presbyterian Church.

"They still keep pressing the Adams button!"

The broad semicircle of shoreline that sweeps from Florida's Key West to Texas's Brownsville, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, is the subject of Harnett T. Kane's **"The Golden Coast"** (Doubleday, $5), which has stunning photographs by James Ricau. The text is a stimulating blend of past and present. The blending is sometimes ready-made; Henry Plant's Tampa Bay Hotel, complete with minarets and a quarter-mile long, which opened in 1891 with tremendous fanfare, now houses the University of Tampa. St. Petersburg (which really was named for what is now Leningrad), Pensacola, Mobile and its bay, the Mississippi beaches (be sure to accent Pass Christian on the final syllable), the bayou country below New Orleans, Galveston, Corpus Christi—all are here, and we wind up aboard a drilling rig in the Gulf of Mexico (that whiff of oil again).

THE school blackboard, although it existed earlier, did not become standard equipment in America until the 1830s. Some post-colonial schools offered courses in French and Spanish, but apparently not in German: when George Ticknor planned his trip abroad in 1814 he could find no one in Boston to teach him German, nor could he buy a German dictionary in any bookstore. There was no course in Shakespeare at Harvard until James Russell Lowell introduced one in 1863. These are a few of the informative nuggets one can pick up in reading Harriet Webster Marr's **"The Old New England Academies"** (Comet Press Books, $4.25). By "old" Miss Marr means founded before 1826, though her researches properly carry her beyond that date—up to now, in fact. One remarkable feature of these institutions was that some of the smallest communities had them—Peacham and Middlebury, Vt., for example, with respective populations of 365 and 395. Miss Marr discusses

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the establishment and organization of the academies and then offers pictures of their activities under such categories as regulations, punishments, amusements, and athletics, plus much detailed discussion of instruction. Her careful study is entertaining and of historical value. (Oil? Most lighting was by tallow candle, but a student at Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Mass., lists a lamp as one of the items he had to acquire.)

Chautauqua is New York State's westernmost county; Chautauqua village itself, on Lake Champlain, is famous as the home of Chautauqua Institution, the movement which, started in 1874, carried enlightenment combined with entertainment all over the country. Helen Grace McMahon tells its story in **"Chautauqua County: A History"** (Henry Stewart, Inc., Buffalo 3, N.Y., $5.95), a compact chronicle which fulfills its purpose far more adequately than did the bulky, wordy county histories of yesteryear (usually in two volumes). Miss McMahon has taken special pains with illustrations; there are some 130 of them, largely photographic, with commendably few formal portraits of prominent citizens. Her roster of notable literary sons and daughters of Chautauqua omits the names of Samuel Hopkins Adams (Dunkirk) and Frederick Palmer (Jamestown), both of whom died last year. (Petroleum note: Miss McMahon quotes a tradition that when kerosene lamps were first introduced in the county a local man, in presenting a lamp to his wife, exclaimed: "They do say it's cheaper than daylight!")

On the day the golden spike was driven at Promontory, Utah, and the oceans were joined by rail (May 10, 1869, in case you've forgotten), Dan Castello's Circus and Menagerie was playing the Midwest. Manager James M. Nixon got the idea of taking his show all the way to the coast. He reached San Francisco July 26th with the first circus to cross the continent. Nixon's exploit is one of hundreds of incidents recounted in **"A History of the Circus in America"** (Caxton, $5), by George L. Chindahl. Mr. Chindahl's narrative is rather too compact to be comprehensive; it is manual rather than history. What was "the golden age of the circus"? Roughly 1880-1920, reports Mr. Chindahl. In 1910 there were thirty-eight railroad shows. Today there are two. There are forty-six good photos, a partial list (obviously as complete as Mr. Chindahl could make it) of American circuses and menageries from around 1771 through 1956 (some 1,100 names), and there is a brief bibliography. (Terminal petroleum entry: Vaporized gasoline lights were extensively used by American circuses during the first dozen years of the century.)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 820

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 820 will be found in the next issue.

CAN THE BARK H

BHEEFPGMB, WNQ CAN

BNMQ TZGMFR

H TZHPHTQFP.

—HEAE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 819

The rotten apple spoils his companion.

—FRANKLIN.

Sweatshops Below the Skyscrapers

***"Island in the City: The World of Spanish Harlem," by Dan Wakefield** (Houghton Mifflin. 278 pp. $4), lashes the inhuman conditions inflicted upon Manhattan's Puerto Rican immigrants. The vermin-infested tenements that house them are well known to NBC news commentator Gabe Pressman.*

By Gabe Pressman

AFTER he had lived for several months in New York's Puerto Rican ghetto, Dan Wakefield was talking to the head of a Madison Avenue business firm. "What I want to know," the businessman said, "is what are we going to do about the Puerto Ricans? I mean isn't there some way we can get them back to Puerto Rico? They're costing us millions of dollars' worth of taxpayers' money."

Wakefield says "the question was also an answer" and an indication of "the vast separation" between the Puerto Ricans and other Americans. "If the head of the business firm had ever lived in East Harlem, his question would have been, 'I wonder what we are costing the Puerto Ricans?'"

Wakefield, a twenty-six-year-old graduate of Columbia College, has written of the Puerto Ricans in New York with great compassion and with indignation. He is a sensitive man, moved by the poverty and the hellish living conditions in this "Island in the City." And he is angry with New Yorkers for ignoring the plight of their fellow citizens.

He tells the story of Spanish Harlem, oldest of New York's large Puerto Rican neighborhoods, a dark world of decrepit, vermin-infested tenements on the upper east side of Manhattan.

Wakefield moved into this neighborhood so he could better understand the lives of the people about whom he writes. He writes not as a sociologist or an anthropologist, but as a reporter. He has done a good reporting job.

He deals with the economic pressures that force the Puerto Ricans to leave their beautiful Caribbean island in search of opportunities in the States; how they have been exploited by racket unions, working a seventy-two-hour week, at less than a dollar an hour. It sounds like the sweatshops of thirty years ago but, Wakefield relates, it's a fact of life in Spanish Harlem today.

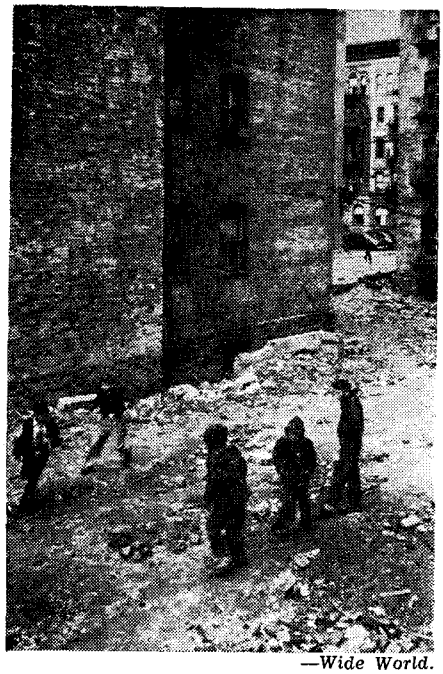
No reporter who has seen Puerto Rican families of eight persons paying $17 a week for the privilege of sharing one room with colonies of cockroaches can fail to be moved by the gravity of the situation. Furthermore, because of the language barrier and the unfamiliarity of Puerto Ricans with mainland life, there's no doubt that they have a tremendously difficult problem of adjustment.

Wakefield compassionately writes of the young dope addicts who develop the habit to escape from miserable conditions around them, of efforts to cure them, and of heartbreaking failures. The author became so interested in their problems that he now is an executive on the Narcotics Committee of the East Harlem Protestant Parish.

He also tells of a teen-age gang that gave up fighting and became a social club, and then tried pathetically to find something to justify its existence.

Probably the most fascinating section is on Puerto Rican religious practices, particularly spiritualism. The author sat in on water spirit rites in the living room of a tenement

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Wide World.

Puerto Rican children playing in vacant lot between tenements on Harlem's 104th Street.

apartment, and he describes vividly the reactions of participants who were seized by the spirits. Many Puerto Ricans, he says, practise a peculiar blend of Christianity and spiritualism, including rites that go back to African kings.

Wakefield attacks what he regards as the indifference of government officials, educators, and politicians to Puerto Rican problems. He believes that, instead of trying to arrive at real understanding, these individuals tend to look for superficial solutions if they look for any at all. He attacks Councilman John Merli, Tammany politician who represents East Harlem, as an "Invisible Man," absent from the Council on all "important" votes. Actually, Merli is one of the more hard-working councilmen, although the Council seldom deals with important matters. It is chiefly a resolution-passing body. Major legislative functions are vested in the Board of Estimate.

Wakefield is unquestionably right in saying that the Puerto Ricans have not been able to get fair representation in city politics. But the struggle for recognition is an old story in New York. The immigrant Irish had to fight hard to be heard, and, later, so did the Italians and the Jews.

The author seems too pessimistic about the political future of the Puerto Ricans. His own work indicates their tremendous potential. His indignation is understandable. But the impression left with the reader is that, inevitably, the Puerto Ricans, like the immigrant groups before them, will go on to a better life in New York and other mainland cities.

FICTION

The Enchanted Land of Larki

"Beti," by Daphne Rooke *(Houghton Mifflin. 146 pp. $3), sparkles with Indian tigers, jewels, bandits, conjurers, and pirates. Margaret Parton, former correspondent for the* New York Herald Tribune *in India, is the author of a forthcoming book on that country entitled "The Leaf and the Flame."*

By Margaret Parton

IN RECENT years most authors of books with Indian settings have concerned themselves with modern realities: rural development and political struggles, foreign policy and population growth. Where, one wonders occasionally, have the tigers and the jewels gone? The bandits and the magic?

Anyone who knows India knows that the element of enchantment still lingers there, and that is why this reviewer, for one, is grateful to Mrs. Rooke for wrapping it all up in a short novel which reads like the plot of an old Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. movie and yet has a strange, dream-like reality of its own. Here, in one small and elegantly produced package are tigers, jewels, bandits, conjurers, and pirates. There is even a girl with the glowing beauty of a tigress, a monkey with a gold earring and a sinister slab of rock with a secret spring. To anyone who ever loved a fairy story, "Beti" should be an unashamed delight.

The story is told by Larki, a gentle girl of twelve who lives with her large family in her grandfather's home in North India. The house and its compound are surrounded by a high wall beyond which Larki is not allowed to go—but somewhere in the world beyond that wall, she knows, is her cousin Beti. Twelve years before, when Beti was only two, she had been abducted during the partition riots and nothing has been heard of her since although her family has never ceased to search. Over the years Beti has become Larki's dream companion, the embodiment of friendship and conscience.

And now, outside the walls and soon by stealth inside, arrives a gay young conjurer—Rammohun, a stray boy who was stolen at the same time Beti was abducted and was raised with her by the wicked, black-bearded smuggling king, Jai. It is Rammohun who offers to produce Beti for 22,000 rupees, and who does indeed produce her, to the joy of the family and the consternation of Larki, who soon discovers that here is no gentle companion, but instead a curved and feline pirate queen.

How Larki is stolen in Beti's place (popped into a bag, no less) and transported across the Indian Ocean to the smugglers' fort on the African seacoast, how she is forced to make friends with a cheetah and to impersonate the tempestuous Beti, and how she is enmeshed in further exotic perils must here remain unrevealed. But perhaps it would be permissible to say that the ending is happy, depending on one's point of view.

Since today few serious authors (and Mrs. Rooke is one) write such flagrant melodrama, the thought occurs that perhaps the whole thing is an elaborate allegory concerning good and evil and the search for

(*Continued on page* 39)

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE CRUISE OF THE NONA. *By Hilaire Belloc. Penguin.* 65¢. In this gentle, ruminative book Belloc tells of his keen pleasure aboard his engine-less cutter, the *Nona*. His account is filled with the quiet good humor of a literate and reflective Englishman.

THE MASTER BUILDER AND OTHER PLAYS. *By Hendrik Ibsen. Translated by Una Ellis-Fermor. Penguin.* 95¢. These last plays ("Rosmersholm," "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel Borkman") are generally about man's own inner tensions and crises. Stranger, more mystical than the earlier dramas, they present the facet of Ibsen as a philosopher rather than a social critic.

BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK. *By Max Shulman. Bantam.* 35¢. College life on a Minnesota campus is a bright backdrop for some funny antics and for Mr. S.'s own ready wit.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Editorial Production DOROTHY C. KNIGHT
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIRSON
Ass't. Book Review Editor ROLLENE W. SAAL

Editorial-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JAMES THRALL SOBY
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Contents Copyrighted, 1959, by Saturday Review, Inc.

Notes on an Anniversary

SOME personal notes as the editor completes his nineteenth year at the *Saturday Review:*

The two questions that most frequently come this way are less editorial and philosophical than mechanical. The first question has to do with distance: "How is it possible to operate a magazine from Madras or Hiroshima or Lambarene? How can you get anything done when you spend so much of your time, quite literally, up in the air?"

The second question is personal and functional: "Isn't it pretty risky to subject yourself to the hazards of so many different climates and foods?"

As for the first question, the largest part of the answer is the obvious one. *SR* has a staff and a very good one. The publisher, in addition to being a first-rate businessman, has a wide editorial background. The associate publisher, the articles editor, the production editor, the book review editors, and the department heads make up an effective editorial team. True, a considerable portion of the editor's job cannot be delegated. Even here, however, the telephone, the airplane, and the post office are effective aids on a magazine that has the world and the human situation as its main editorial franchise.

Like everything else, the editor's job has been revolutionized by the air age. There is hardly a place in the world that cannot be reached by mail in forty-eight hours. I have had airmail bundles of work only two and a half days old from New York delivered to me at a jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa. On another occasion, a postman on a bicycle met me coming out of a Japanese inn in Nagasaki and handed me page proofs of a forthcoming issue of *SR*. On the contrary, it took three days for an office folder to reach me on the Upper Michigan peninsula.

The airplane has made it not only possible but essential for an editor to move his desk from place to place. It is no longer necessary to form secondary judgments. The big events are now a community matter. On the purely operational level, the airplane is an ideal office. Nowhere outside of a plane have I found such productive working conditions. Conversely, when at my desk in New York, I find that my main business each day is to preside over interruptions. I have little time for reading in New York, less time for writing. Sequence in thought is annihilated. One takes things as they come, and they come in short, uneven bursts. I became sufficiently objective about my job once to keep track of everything that happened in the course of an average day. The telephone rang on the average of once every six minutes. There were at least seven callers each day. As a result, the important business with the staff had to be squeezed into ninety minutes or less. This doesn't even begin to take into account the mail folder, which uses up all the intervals.

On a plane, however, especially when we are high above the clouds, the fragmentation disappears. Sequence comes to life again and the mind has a chance to regroup itself for consecutive thought. The meal tray serves as an excellent stand for the typewriter and the seat beside you, if empty, is an adequate side table for working papers. One hour in the sky office is the equivalent of about four hours on land in terms of actual output.

There are distractions, of course. But they are nourishing distractions. Nowhere in the world is there grandeur of such dimensions and such proximity. Sometimes, when you fly above a storm, you can see vast cloud masses catching the light of the sun. The result is a Grand Canyon of color multiplied by infinity. Once, flying from Seattle to San Francisco, there were three distinct cloud levels, with absolute clearing between each one. Each level had its own character, its own display. The first was a massive purple floor, swelling and bulging when we were close to it. The second layer was full of tunnels and caverns, exploiting every gradation of gray and black. The third level abandoned itself to the full play of color from a submerged sun, with gentle formations suggesting lakes of gleaming silver, or long lemon-colored slopes meeting a pale green-blue sky.

Another time, flying from Beirut to Karachi, we darted in and out of sky-filling thunderheads, each of which looked as though it were made up of all the combined mountain masses in the world. The thunderheads ran up to 40,000 feet or more, growing fatter and more menacing on their way up, and then, suddenly, they flattened out on the top, connecting with each other to make a giant white roadbed. Underneath were the long caverns, deep gray on one side, streaked blue on the other. For more than an hour, we rode through the caverns until we finally hit a long open clearing.

ONE need not even mention the sunsets when seen from high in the air. The combination of the brilliant but fast-waning light and the swift movement of the plane away from the sun changes the skyscape so rapidly that no two minutes are the same. It is a developing wonder and makes a moving picture that stays in the mind. And, if you catch the late sun just right as you fly east, you can see thin golden threads spinning off the propellers.

As I say, these are nourishing distractions and I welcome as many of them as I can find. Indeed, I accumulated some dozen skyscapes to think back upon. It is the kind of hobby that goes naturally with the kind of job that has the world for its locale.

We come now to the second question, having to do with constant changes of diet and climate and the effect on one's health.

In general, if you want to get close to the life of other peoples, especially in Asia and Africa, you would do well to leave your apprehensions behind and take the plunge. If you are in good health, you will have little to fear. Now and then, of course, you

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are apt to find yourself in a delicate situation when a few qualms will cross your mind. At the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambarene, for example, one visits the leper village not without some personal uneasiness. Modern medical theory supports the view that leprosy is somewhat akin to tuberculosis and that there are varying stages and degrees of contagion. If the leprosy involves the muscles or nerves, it is not believed to be infectious. If it involves the skin, however, especially in the case of open sores, there is the possibility of contagion. Inflammation of the nasal mucous with consequent discharge is believed to be a source of infection. Children contact the disease through constant intimacy with leprous members of their families.

Dr. Schweitzer is careful to the point of seeming over-cautious in admonishing outsiders not to have physical contact with leper patients at his hospital. The chance of infection is extremely small; even so, the doctor is stern with outsiders. For himself, he is exposed constantly regardless of the virulent condition of some lepers.

It isn't always easy, however, to follow Dr. Schweitzer's admonitions. While walking through the leper village one day, I met a leper who introduced me to his wife. She was carrying a baby of perhaps twenty months. The father said the child was leprous. His nose was running and he had sores all over his face. As I chatted with the parents, the baby twisted in his mother's arms and reached out for me to take him, which I did almost by conditioned reflex. To do otherwise under the circumstances would have been awkward. For the next few weeks I was conscious of my slightest inclination to sniffle or sneeze. Most men in good health think they are indestructible and immortal—until they get a cold, when they are certain they will die within the hour. I confess that my experience with the leper baby made me feel mortal in the extreme.

This is not to say that I have been totally immune to infection or illness while abroad. I suppose I have sampled every species of dysentery recorded. I have had to make numberless unscheduled, speedy departures from receptions or social functions all the way from Djarkarta to Mexico City. At such times, philosophical calm seems only vaguely attainable and, in fact, quite academic.

Generally speaking, however, the risk while traveling is extremely small. Such deviations as occur are more the result of sudden changes in one's routine than of basically unhealthy situations. Much of the danger is the result of an excessive idea of one's capacity with respect to food and is not peculiar to geographical variations. The pursuits of new foods can be a delightful adventure, but it is often carried to unreasonable lengths and can produce deceptively intense but fortunately temporary discomforts.

Experiences such as these, of course, are not the exclusive possession of Americans abroad. They apply equally to visitors to our own shores. Friends of mine from Asia have complained about food upsets that may have been less the result of quality than quantity. In addition, the foreign visitor has to cope with exhaust gases from buses, trucks, and cabs on a scale unknown abroad. The heavy monoxide fumes from vehicles are added to the industrial smoke in American cities and produce headaches and severe nausea in persons unaccustomed to them.

FOREIGN visitors are also disturbed by our crowds. When Americans think of dense population masses they are apt to think of cities in India or Japan. Yet nowhere in the world are there more humans crowded into smaller space than in New York City. I have seen the teeming millions of Asian cities, but nowhere have I seen greater human congestion than in the Grand Central area of New York City during the lunch hour. The business of navigating even a short distance through the crowded sidewalk calls for special knowledge and top physical conditioning. Little wonder that many foreign visitors who see New York for the first time have the feeling of being overwhelmed and exhausted—almost to the point of illness.

The editors have had the good fortune to be hosts to visitors from India, Pakistan, or Japan. We could tell that the noon-day crowds charging through New York streets produced an effect akin to panic on some of our guests. They had never seen so many people under such compressed conditions before. All this, combined with a rich diet and the accelerated American pace, causes more than a few Asian visitors to long for the comparative calm and openness of Calcutta or Karachi.

In any event, Americans need not fear that they are in mortal jeopardy every time they set foot outside the continental limits of the U.S. Nor need they believe that such minor discomforts as they may encounter have an exclusively American label. Discomfort and upsets, like politics, are the products of people rather than places.

Speaking personally, the principal hazard I have encountered throughout the world is not food or climate but being mistaken for the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. For years I have wanted to express my regrets to Mr. Ben Hibbs of that worthy journal. I do so now. —N. C.

The Waiting Game

By Maxine W. Kumin

I REMEMBER they used to stand
a little shabby and shy, on downtown corners
all winter, message in hand
hawking Armageddon like licensed pornographers
except for the eyes;
except for the bland believing smile, hellfire
certain in earthly disguise
stalking the city where *Jesus is coming: prepare!*

People said: cranks. Paranoids.
Some put a penny in that pot and thought
Christ! How the unemployed
employ You Who forgot to keep the most
important final date,
making lying messiahs of the lost
who suffer You late;
who stand in breadlines, dreaming You their host.

But times have changed. The furtive pink-nosed bands
grown fat on fear and hate
now smile crisply on the unredeemed,
sing doom in overcoats,
canvass the suburbs where the air is clearer
although the Word's the same
to tell commuters that the end is nearer
in the waiting game;
and well-fed, block by block, for all one knows,
they dread themselves the day the trumpet blows.

PRODUCED 2015 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TOOLS FOR TEACHING

MY CONGRATULATIONS for the exceptionally fine issue devoted to "Tools for Teaching" (*SR* Feb. 14). The guest editor, Frank G. Jennings, should also be praised for his comments, selections, and his location of the problem of a design for American Education. But what should that design be? Alvin Eurich calls for a major breakthrough in reshaping our destiny. Several of the volumes reviewed in that issue place a renewed emphasis upon the educational responsibilities of the American citizen. What design? What sort of breakthrough? What is the citizen's responsibility? What destiny?

In recent times only the Point Four Program for underdeveloped countries held out the promise for that great design. We will clarify the goals of American education when we retake an unequivocal stand for freedom with the emerging democracies of the Central American countries, surge for freedom in Africa, and reorganization of the free-world countries of Europe, the Middle and Near East. This program of nurturing freedom, self-determination and industrial development around the world could be the breakthrough and the grand design for a kind of brotherhood, a kind of goal for which the schools could make sense of curriculum and tools.

OTTO KRASH.

Massapequa, N. Y.

POWERFUL STATEMENT

FRANK G. JENNINGS's editorial, "Teaching of Man," is the most powerful and best statement of our educational problem that I have read. Congratulations to him and to *SR*. It describes the dedication of those teachers who understand and work against great odds to help children, youth, and parents to realize great and everlasting moral and spiritual values in their lives.

A. R. MEAD.

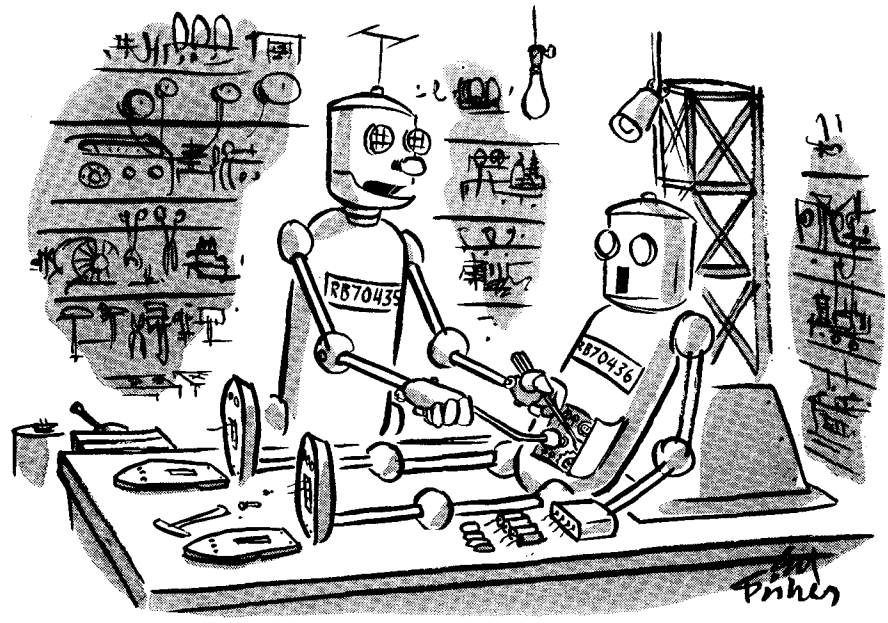
Gainesville, Fla.

OVERLOOKED POINTS

AS A FOLLOW-UP to Robert Shayon's article on educational TV, I would like to emphasize several commonly overlooked points. From the abortive trials of the Lancaster monitorial system to the present video frenzy, education in the United States has been regularly introduced to new panaceas, which gain rapid popularity but that most often prove to be largely duds. Of all the education fads in the history of American instruction, the most costly and tragic, at this time—in an era that really calls for dedicated efforts toward educational improvement—is the TV farce. Unfortunately more basic reforms, such as needed revision of teacher education, fundamental alterations in the curriculum, and the development of functional textual materials, are being proportionately neglected and robbed of precious monetary funds. All other arguments aside, the one simple fact that most who are blinded by the educational TV bugaboo seem to overlook is that at least 90 per cent of what is being attempted with video could be accomplished *more* effectively and at *less* expense with present or specially produced films and available motion picture production equipment and projectors. Until the above statement is disproved by reputable educators there should be an immediate halt to the deluge of wasteful expenditures on TV equipment and programming now being "played with" in educational institutions throughout the country.

RICHARD E. GROSS.

Stanford, Calif.



"—and then RB 50462 begat RB 50463, who begat RB 50464, who begat . . ."

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS

I HAVE JUST FINISHED reading the review by Alvin Eurich of the books on Education by Conant, Rickover, Hechinger, and King. Mr. Eurich states that they ignore the critical shortage of teachers. He thinks this important enough to italicize it. This shortage seems to be more apparent than real. Speaking as a California teacher, I am aware that in this state, where there are about 130,000 teachers presently employed, and where there is a great outcry for more teachers, there are about *100,000* teachers (with full credentials) who are not teaching. The reasons for this are various; however, if teaching were made a little more attractive for the teacher and a little less attractive for the administrator and "educator," perhaps more teachers would be willing to return.

THOMAS LEE.

San Francisco, Calif.

A LOSS OF FAITH?

ADLAI STEVENSON'S "Politics and Morality" (*SR* Feb. 7) is written with his customary nobility of sentiment and felicity of expression, but with less than his usual perception or faith in America. It is sad to find a man whose words of wisdom wrapped in wit have stirred us so often and so deeply in the past, joining the Cassandras who fear that our "dedication and selflessness—have shrunk" and that "we have so many needs of our own—that we have lost the clear sight and open heart for other needs."

The young men, reputedly soft and pampered, who fought in two world wars, lacked neither dedication nor selflessness. In the postwar years we assumed the burden of rebuilding Western Europe, a burden far beyond any ever before assumed by a victorious people. Today, far from being imprisoned within the selfishness of our own concerns, there is a greater ferment afoot for civil rights, improved education, better housing and a religious renaissance.

We desire above all things world peace, but our foreign policies are negative and sterile. At home, a balanced budget is made to appear more vital to our welfare than a dynamic economy. Washington hails a recovery from recession while 4,000,000 men and women are still unemployed. Surely our delinquencies are not due to "a slackening of devotion" to our ideals of democracy and brotherhood but to a slackening of faith in our capacity for sacrifice and devotion by those who should constantly be reaffirming and rekindling those ideals.

ARTHUR MAYER.

New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Old Times There Are Not Forgotten

SUCH excellent acting people as Joanne Woodward, Margaret Leighton, Yul Brynner, Ethel Waters, and Jack Warden find themselves deep in Faulkner country in **"The Sound and the Fury,"** and all manage to seem relatively at home in their decaying mansion, with the possible exception of Yul Brynner who, while not noticeably bothered by a full head of hair, has an accent that conflicts with the movie's general speech pattern. This accent is explained away as being of Cajun (Louisiana) origin. As Jason, he was brought to Jefferson by his mother, who married a Compson, and he was given the Compson name by her husband before he died. The movie, while excellently done as a whole, fails to explain this fact for a couple of reels (or perhaps it did, and I missed it) and there is a bit of surprise and puzzlement while one watches a disturbing amount of feeling growing between Jason and the girl who is presumably his niece. She isn't. She was only his niece in the novel; and to such a degree have the circumstances of Faulkner's study of degeneracy, decay, incest, and suicide been changed or eliminated that it might be best to say at once that we have here not an adaptation of the novel, but a movie suggested by it.

Therefore, Faulkner's original hangs over the movie only in ghostly fashion. Most of the plot material, as a matter of fact, appears to be taken from an appendix Faulkner wrote for the Viking Portable edition of his work, explaining who the Compsons were, and what happened to them subsequent to the events of the novel. All this does not mean that Martin Ritt, who directed the movie, Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, who wrote the screenplay, and Jerry Wald, who produced it, have made a travesty out of the book. Not at all. They have made something that is very good on its level. They have taken suggestions for a story by Faulkner, and then gone ahead to create their own Compson family. Benjy, the thirty-three-year-old with a mind of a small child, is still the soundless idiot he was in the book, and Jack Warden's playing of him is in the nature of a tour de force. But we now have Candace's illegitimate daughter, Quentin, usurping the largest part of the story, and what Mr. Ravetch and Miss Frank have done with their screenplay is to make her problems paramount. Since it would seem to me that the novel is all but irreducible into movie form this arrangement is, on the whole, fairly satisfactory to me, mainly because it allows the cameras to focus on Joanne Woodward, who gives us an expert study of a rebellious, moody, Southern seventeen-year-old, at odds with her family, such as it is, and ready to run off with the first virile itinerant to make a pass at her.

The same producing, writing, and directing team mentioned above were responsible last year for "The Long, Hot Summer," in which several equally drastic changes were made with another Faulkner work ("The Hamlet"). But it was not that they were necessarily successful in getting Faulkner on the screen that got some serious attention for the movie, as the fact that the performances were vivid, and the characters alive and arresting. I am not sure that "The Sound and the Fury" is as colorful a movie, but it is better made, and its dramatic pattern is a little more certain. I can't claim to know what Jerry Wald and his employees are up to, but it strikes me that with these movies they are creating a kind of hybrid made up of part Faulkner and part Hollywood, with a dash of Actor's Studio and some Tennessee Williams flavoring tossed in. The mixture is not unpalatable. Mr. Ritt is an uncommonly good director; he makes his individual scenes mean something and gets them to deliver their wallop of emotion.

TAKE the scene in which the aging Candace (Margaret Leighton) has her first moments alone with the seventeen-year-old daughter she abandoned at birth. Miss Woodward and Miss Leighton engage in a *tête-à-tête* heavy with tension and emotional possibilities. But it soon becomes clear that the emotion is at least part spurious: what these two have are needs that neither will ever be able to fulfill. The mother gives her daughter a grotesque, phony smile, and the girl goes off knowing that whatever she is searching for, understanding if not love, she won't find there. Mr. Ritt sees to it that reality is given to the scene, that we are perfectly aware of the dilemma of each, and lets it all emerge through the uncommonly good acting.

He is equally good with Benjy, building up pity for the benighted, hulking man as he is attacked by stupid boys, made to carry a signboard for a cheap carnival that has come to town, and eventually hustled off to an asylum. In fact, there is a good deal more life to the family portrayals than there is to the story itself. John Beal is the brother of Candace, slowly drinking away his life, while he attempts to hide his incestuous feelings for his sister. Jason, the only Compson with a sense of responsibility, attempts to hold the dreary family together and explains his stubborn efforts on their behalf by saying: "You're the only family I've got." But Miss Woodward's Quentin is the most vivid of the lot. Lovingly, Mr. Ritt lets her get across the detail she needs to establish the girl. She gropes towards a carnival hand (Stuart Whitman), then comes back to the strange bosom provided by Jason. It is at this point that the motion picture seems to lose its meaning, as the implication is that eventually she will fall in love with and marry Jason. Why this hollowly romantic and quite incredible ending struck them is hard to know. It is the one cheap note in an otherwise soundly made film.

THE town of Jefferson, Mississippi, was created for the movie mainly on the 20th Century-Fox back lots, and it is done well enough to wonder why so much location shooting is necessary these days. The mansion is appropriately falling apart, the town square is much like one you might find at a dozen bus stops in that part of the country, the ice cream parlor and the Snopes's store look as though they've been there a long time. But with all the intelligent, careful work done on the movie it still leaves the impression of a certain slowness, an occasional dullness, and most of all of familiarity.

If "The Sound and the Fury" had come before "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Baby Doll," and "The Long, Hot Summer," we would probably be hailing it as a significant achievement. But the failure who drinks away his love for his sister, the mother who becomes a tramp rather than look after her daughter, the girl groping for her identity—they somehow don't seem to justify this ponderous a treatment. The details are fine, but the message we have had before.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The International Heart Line

THAT Leonard Spigelglass's **"A Majority of One"** should be a smash hit is as delightful as it is confounding. An extraordinary play it isn't. Its points are made with the delicacy of an elephant. Its tender moments, if scrutinized, turn into the sentimental dross of soap opera. Yet, as a vehicle to transport Gertrude Berg from Brooklyn to Japan, and Cedric Hardwicke from Japan to Brooklyn, the play stands up well.

Miss Berg is marvelous in the role of a mother-in-law who feels that no matter what she believes, she must never say or do anything that might interfere with her daughter's marriage. Both Miss Berg and Mr. Spigelglass have collaborated to see to it that the character of Mrs. Jacoby never asks for sympathy. And when she is forced by love to jettison her wise opinions, she keeps her anguish to herself. Thus, the play acquires toughness and keeps moving through the conventional bathos in which it could so easily wallow. And just as Mrs. Jacoby behaves with refreshing good sense in awesome social situations, so Miss Berg faces the terrors of fashionable Broadway with endearing gaucheness. "If you want dietonic, drink water" is scarcely an epigram, yet when Miss Berg says it, it seems uproariously witty. Similarly she makes ridiculous all the overly complex modern drugs with one scathing delivery. "The best medicines are the simple ones," she states with devastating incontrovertibility, "Soap and water, and stewed prunes."

Her simple strength in this play is so formidable that only a superb actor would dare to undertake the co-starring role of Mr. Asano, the Japanese industrialist, who flatters her with gifts and attentions. But Mr. Hardwicke, whose impressiveness in great parts sometimes causes us to forget that he probably is the best character actor of our time (remember his Burgess in Katharine Cornell's "Candida"), not only plays Mr. Asano convincingly, but he also finds behind the oriental mask a directness of heart and mind that matches Miss Berg's. When he says to the young State Department official who is worried about the bad impression Mrs. Jacoby's unpolished manner may be making, "If your mother-in-law is *mashuga*, it's clearly a very delightful way to be," he infuses the comedy line with a glorious voltage without departing even slightly from his characterization. Later, when Mrs. Jacoby admits to him that she has obeyed her daughter's wishes instead of following her own course of action, his clipped comment, "It is not the children who should instruct the parents. It is the parents who should instruct the children" is spoken with such restrained compassion that we find our whole way of living challenged.

But "A Majority of One" is only occasionally to be enjoyed on the level of social philosophy. Its fundamental appeal must be on the level of warm human behavior. Thus, it is not surprising that the best scene of the play is the one in which Mrs. Jacoby visits the formal Japanese home Donald Oenslager has so nicely designed for Mr. Asano. Here director Dore Schary wisely makes the most out of the obvious awkwardness Mrs. Jacoby might show if she were suddenly rushed into a kimono and asked to eat a strange meal among people observing elaborate and mysterious formalities. During the entire affair she keeps taking nervous glances at Mr. Asano's daughter, who sits composedly but subserviently on the floor beneath her. Finally, when the time comes for her to leave, Mrs. Jacoby says, in frustration, "She's such a nice lady. I wish I could talk to her." This absurd but natural comment brings down the house.

The play has its troubles when the stars are not onstage, and in the last act when the playwright must find a way to wind things up that is both credible and in keeping with the comic spirit of the first two acts. As he does resolve matters, we do not really feel that it has ended at all. It could go right on into another play titled "A Minority of Two." But if Miss Berg and Mr. Hardwicke were its stars, it would clearly be a very delightful play to see.

* * *

"The Buffalo Skinner" is a finely produced, nicely performed, honestly written play. In it author-director Lonny Chapman follows an Oklahoma Peer Gynt as he discovers that unmarried love and sin may not be as synonymous as his evangelist father has taught him to think. Unfortunately, the play is mostly slow revelations that mean more to the author than to his audience. —HENRY HEWES.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600

DEBORAH KERR • YUL BRYNNER
in
ANATOLE LITVAK'S
Production of
"THE JOURNEY"
Co-Starring
ROBERT MORLEY
E. G. MARSHALL
With
KURT KASZNAR..DAVID KOSSOFF
MARIE DAEMS..ANNE JACKSON
And Introducing
JASON ROBARDS, JR.
Screen Play by GEORGE TABORI
AN ALBY PICTURE
Produced and Directed by
ANATOLE LITVAK
From M-G-M in METROCOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SET TO MUSIC"
Produced by Russell Markert, featuring dazzling "Times Square" spectacle with the famed Rockettes as top-hatted "Yankee Doodle Dandies," Corps de Ballet, outstanding guest artists and Symphony Orchestra, directed by Raymond Paige.

"Drama On A Big Scale!" —ATKINSON, Times
HELEN HAYES ERIC PORTMAN
KIM STANLEY BETTY FIELD in the
Eugene O'Neill
A TOUCH OF THE POET
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED — Eves.: $7.50, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
HELEN HAYES THEA., 210 W. 46 St. • CI 6-6380

"ANOTHER R&H DAZZLER!" —WALTER WINCHELL
FLOWER DRUM SONG
THE NEW MUSICAL
ST. JAMES, 44 St. W. Of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS
Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.
SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN IN NEW YORK see

"A HIT" —N. Y. POST —N. Y. NEWS —N. Y. JRL. AMER. —N. Y. MIRROR —LIFE MAG. —NEWSWEEK —WALTER WINCHELL —AP. UPI

THE WORLD OF SUSIE WONG

SEATS ON SALE THROUGH SEPT. 15, 1959

Evgs.: $2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60, 5.75, 6.90; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $2.30, 2.90, 3.45, 4.05, 4.60.

BROADHURST 235 W. 44 St., N. Y. 36

A Collector's Item from HAWAII!

St. Catherine's Choir, a teen age group from the lovely Island of Kauai, singing fetching songs sacred and Polynesian.

"Any group of musically unfettered teen agers which can put Palestrina and 'Pupu ao Ewa' on the same record successfully, as St. Catherine's Choir has done, verges on genius. It is a must for every LP library." . . . Carmen Dragon.

$3.98 Add 40¢ postage and packing. Checks, Money Orders to: **St. Catherine's Choir,** Dept. A, P. O. Box 78, Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii. *All Proceeds to St. Catherine's Building Fund.*

"her roots firmly planted in the future . . .
"fights for come-back of anglo-saxon ideologies . . .
"cuts 'beat generation' to ribbons . . .
"refreshingly positive . . .

NOT IN THE PRESENT GENERATION
E. LUCRETIA SISLEY
VANTAGE PRESS, 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1

Take a Trip Around the World next week with

Magellan
Jules Verne
Inez Robb
Michael Todd
Henry Steele Commager
Wallace Stegner
Chester McKew Parr
Horace Sutton
and others, in

Saturday Review's
March 14th
Around the World Travel Issue.

You will make the journey aboard Spanish caravels, luxury liners and jet planes.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Martinu's "Parables," Sessions's Concerto—Players

BY ANY reliable rod, music is measured by those who create it rather than those who re-create it: thus the substance of a particular week in February 1959 related to the first performance of Bohuslav Martinu's "The Parables" at the Saturday matinee of the Boston Symphony, and those of Roger Sessions's concerto for violin by the New York Philharmonic. Round and about them went a procession of personalities that included violinists Tossy Spivakovsky (in the Sessions), Igor Besrodni from the Soviet Union, and Henryk Szeryng, not to mention Van Cliburn as soloist in three piano concerti he had not previously performed in this city.

By the familiar arithmetic process called "inspection," the Sessions concerto would give every indication of being the "newer" composition (the more complex), and the Martinu "Parables" a residue of something past in its urge to express a compelling impulse in comprehensible terms. But the complications of Sessions date from the early thirties when such obfuscation was very much the vogue, the clearer, more continuous and—to my taste—communicative Martinu from February of last year. To derive too sweeping a conclusion from such insufficient evidence would be unwise but, recalling the music which Hindemith introduced the week before, one cannot avoid a suspicion that there is still life in the old girl (Clio, the muse of history).

Martinu, now sixty-eight, is a composer who has always gone his own way, and in so doing, has arrived at a personal destination with some durable goods in hand. Such a one is the set of three "Parables," each relating to an aesthetic or philosophical premise. The first two, drawn from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "Citadelle," are "Parable of a Sculptor," suggesting that any contact with a genuine work of art affects the recipient, whether it is a week or a century after it was created, and "Parable of a Garden," affirming that the cycle from fruit to seed and rebirth as an inseparable part of life. The third, from Georges Nerveux's "Le Voyage de Thesée," attests that man can be strong enough to conquer a monster, but of a material to melt before a woman.

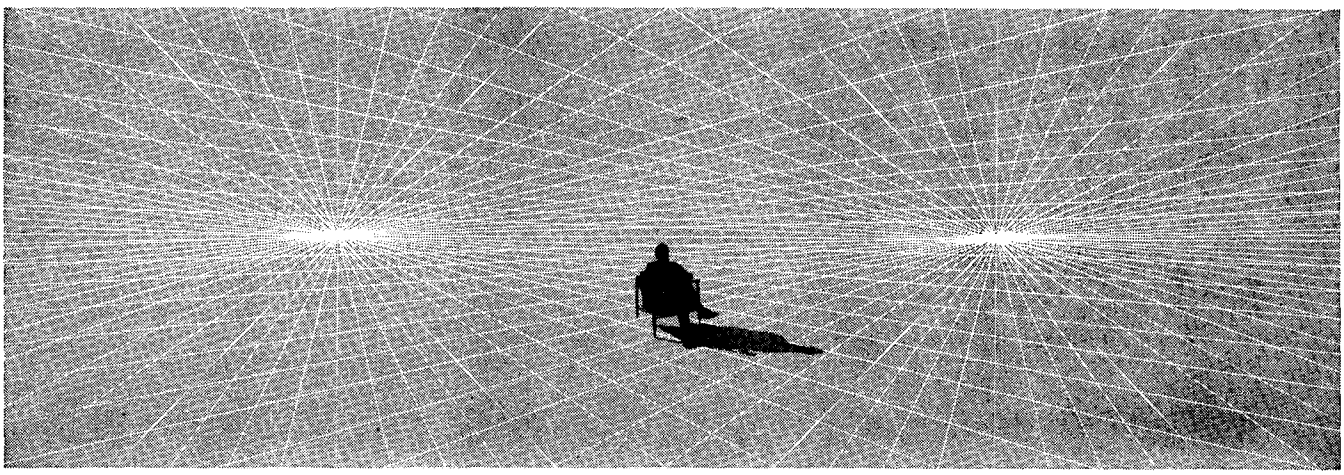
Clearly, Martinu is concerned with some fundamental facts of being and doing, and the musical language he has labored so long to command does not fail him. He has the frankness to be outspoken, and the boldness to be clear. There is nothing tangibly "new" in his vocabulary, but what he says reminds us that we do not wake up to a "new" world every day, that order and unity and logic are as part of music as of nature. I found it absorbing as it happened, and meaningful after it happened, a drama in music (with some recurrent tonal characters) impressively played out under the direction of Charles Munch.

Any doubt that the Sessions concerto was "playable" (the contrary stigma has been upon it too long because a famous, unidentified virtuoso reneged on his commitment to perform it twenty-odd years ago) was resolved by the vastly efficient execution of Spivakovsky—who makes the violin seem like an extension of his own body, so completely does he command it, hide and hair—in collaboration with Leonard Bernstein. Spivakovsky's ability to reach all the wrong notes at the right time left no question that it was playable, but some doubt that it was listenable. A curious light on this dark matter was shed at the Thursday evening "preview" when Sessions talked about the work's materials, and Spivakovsky illustrated them, unaccompanied. The fragments sounded quite engaging, and, at times, eloquent. But when the same ideas were heard in the equivocating, dissembling association with the orchestral text, it was clearly a case of too much going on and not enough happening. Even as a musical charade, it suggested a good deal of reason with not enough rhyme.

IN ADDITION to sending us its elite virtuosi (Oistrakh, Gilels, Kogan), the Soviet Union has been testing our perceptions—and the mettle of its younger musicians—with the early-season Ashkenazy and the mid-winter Besrodni. A personable person of thirty, Besrodni plays his Stradivarius (noted as from the Bolshoi Theater collection, by way, no doubt, of somebody who used to "play fiddle for the Czar") in the classic Russian manner, which is to say with ease, security, beautiful sound, and a total integration of physical means. However, his sequence of Handel (E major sonata), Bach (Chaconne), and Prokofieff (F minor Sonata) did not disclose any distinctive musical viewpoint, or an interpretive flair that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW! IN CAPITOL STEREO



Front-row center performances by the nation's leading artists . . .
skillfully recorded by the musical industry's leading sound engineers.

New Popular Releases

LES BAXTER
Selections from South Pacific ST 1012

LES BROWN
Composer's Holiday ST 886

LOU BUSCH
Lazy Rhapsody ST 1072

JOE BUSHKIN
Blue Angels ST 1094
I Get A Kick Out Of Porter ST 1030

JUNE CHRISTY
The Song Is June! ST 1114

NAT "KING" COLE
The Very Thought Of You SW 1084
Love Is The Thing SW 824

WEBLEY EDWARDS
Fire Goddess ST 1033

THE FOUR FRESHMEN
Voices In Love ST 1074

JUDY GARLAND
Judy Garland At The Grove ST 1118
Judy In Love ST 1036

JACKIE GLEASON
The Torch With The Blue Flame SW 961

ANDY GRIFFITH
Andy Griffith Shouts The Blues
And Old Timey Songs ST 1105

GUATEMALAN MARIMBAS ST 10170

BOBBY HACKETT AND JACK TEAGARDEN
Jazz Ultimate ST 933

HARRY JAMES
Wild About Harry! ST 874

GORDON JENKINS
Stolen Hours ST 884

STAN KENTON
Kenton In Hi-Fi SW 724

GUY LOMBARDO
Berlin By Lombardo ST 1019
Dancing Room Only ST 1121

GORDON MACRAE
Gordon MacRae In Concert ST 980

BILLY MAY
Jimmie Lunceford In Hi-Fi STAO 924

NORRIE PARAMOR
Zodiac Suite ST 10073

JOHN RAITT
Under Open Skies ST 1058

FRANK SINATRA
Come Dance With Me! SW 1069
Where Are You? SW 855

KEELY SMITH
I Wish You Love ST 914
Politely! ST 1073

FRED WARING
All Through The Night ST 936

MEREDITH WILLSON
Meredith Willson's Marching Band!
ST 1110

New Classical Releases

FIESTA!
Hollywood Bowl Orchestra
Carmen Dragon cond. SP 8335

NOCTURNE
Hollywood Bowl Orchestra
Carmen Dragon cond. SP 8363

Gliere: SYMPHONY No. 3 IN B MINOR
Leopold Stokowski conducts the
Houston Symphony Orchestra SP 8402

Tchaikovsky: PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN B FLAT MINOR, OP. 23
Leonard Pennario, pianist with
L. A. Philharmonic Orchestra,
Erich Leinsdorf cond. SP 8417

STRAUSS WALTZES
Hollywood Bowl Orchestra SP 8421

CONCERT RUSSE
Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra,
William Steinberg cond. SP 8450

Dvorak: SYMPHONY No. 5 IN E MINOR (NEW WORLD)
Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra,
Erich Leinsdorf cond. SP 8454

SEA CHANTIES
Roger Wagner Chorale SP 8462

You haven't heard stereo until you've heard Capitol's Full Spectrum of Sound

Capitol STEREO
THE FULL SPECTRUM OF SOUND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Components sound better... look better, too!

General Electric stereo components give you live sound no console can match. But performance isn't all. Components have a custom look, fit in any room, and you don't pay for fancy furniture. Hooking up your G-E "rig" is easy . . . and a big part of the fun.

Why G-E components? Start with the name General Electric that you know you can trust. Your dealer will tell you the rest.

FREE! "15 Minutes to Stereo." Basic facts about stereo in basic language. Regularly 25¢ . . . free for limited time. Write Section K513, General Electric Co., Auburn, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COMING SOON!

Complete, Illustrated Report on

COZUMEL

Mexico's Lovely Carribean Isle

IT WILL TELL YOU —

- All about the inns and hotels
- Houses that can be rented
- An excellent native restaurant
- The fishing, skin diving, snorkeling
- Americans who live and work there
- Mayan ruins you can explore
- Property for a beach house

Join our Club now. 6 Reports within year on off-beat islands (Cozumel included) $10. Or mail $2 for current Report — then decide if you want to join. Write today to:

I·S·L·A·N·D·S
IN THE SUN CLUB Inc.
117 Liberty St., New York 6, N. Y.

HALF-HOUR VACATION IN FRANCE . . .

absolutely free!

If you own a radio, you can travel *To France With Music* every week. And you couldn't ask for a more delightful holiday. Your host, Jacques Fray, will introduce you to the greatest musical artists of France. No charge for this vacation. No reservations necessary. Just set your dial and away you'll go—*To France With Music!*

New York	Tuesday Thursday	7:05 p.m. WQXR
Baltimore	Thursday	8:05 p.m. WITH-FM
Boston	Wednesday	10:35 p.m. WCRB
Chicago	Tuesday Tuesday	7:00 p.m. WEAW-FM 2:30 p.m. WEAW-AM
Los Angeles	Saturday	11:30 a.m. KFAC
Miami	Sunday	5:05 p.m. WUCG
Philadelphia	Tuesday	7:05 p.m. WFLM-FM
St. Louis	Sunday	4:05 p.m. WEW
San Francisco	Friday	7:30 p.m. KLX
Washington, D.C.	Friday	7:05 p.m. WGMS (AM & FM)

Presented by

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Montreal

went beyond highly proficient mechanics. In an uncommon gesture of amity, he played two Gershwin preludes (Heifetz-arranged), with beat and poise. Sofia Vakman was the diligent pianist.

At the earlier concert of the Boston Symphony, Henryk Szerying made a forward step along the road to violinistic distinction with a performance of the Tchaikovsky concerto. Reacquaintance with him heightens esteem for his excellent equipment, and strengthens the impression that he has still to play himself into complete command of it. When he can relax from the tension of trying to make an "impression," and poetize freely, his strong musical as well as technical attributes should make him a welcome visitor.

ALL of the preceding space and more, too, could be devoted to a consideration of Van Cliburn's performance of three concerti (Mozart C major, Schumann, and Prokofieff No. 3) at a Philharmonic Pension Fund concert without adding much to the summation: too much, too soon. As he has demonstrated here and abroad, Cliburn is a largely drawn sample of human design with a pianistic style beefed up to cope with works on similar lines (Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff). To adapt them for the finesse of Mozart, the intimate sentiments of Schumann or the witty sallies of Prokofieff takes an amount of road work (in both the athletic and the barnstorming sense) which he simply has not put in.

Or, to put it another way, winning a prize does not assure mastery of a repertory. The talent is as sound, the promise as great as it was even before the days of his acclaim and acceptance. If he is to qualify, in his own words, as a "success" rather than a "sensation," he must go not from strength to strength—which is to say, playing the things he knows well and those only—but from strength to weakness. His generous contribution of services (likewise Bernstein's), brought in more than $40,000 to the Philharmonic's Pension Fund, but the musical results were hardly of comparable value.

Cliburn's Mozart was full of respect and affection for the marvellous materials at hand, but lacking in the sophistication or subtlety of sound to meet them as an equal. The Schumann was eager and overbearing, with a spasm of atonality in the finale, where the hands were unkeyed. The Prokofieff returned him to an orbit in closer relation to his own strong impulses, but there was still an imbalance between total needs and tonal production.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jet Trails Around the World-4: Indian Love Call

NEW DELHI.

IT IS considerably easier on one's blood pressure getting into the Soviet Union than getting out. The afternoon before we were to leave from Tashkent and fly across the massive mountains and into India, I called at the government bank to exchange the few rubles I had left over back into dollars. I had bought them with a travelers check in the Intourist office in Moscow, a transaction that had been duly recorded on my currency form and which, much to my surprise, I hadn't lost during my two weeks in the Soviet Union. Accompanied by a small delegation from Intourist, whose members were not so sure about the rules themselves, I was ushered into a second-floor office loaded with high-back chairs and decorated with a mantel and a mirror. Everything in the room was covered with white furniture covers, and I had the feeling that I had invaded an apartment on Riverside Drive twenty-five years ago which had been closed for the summer while its occupants were away in the mountains.

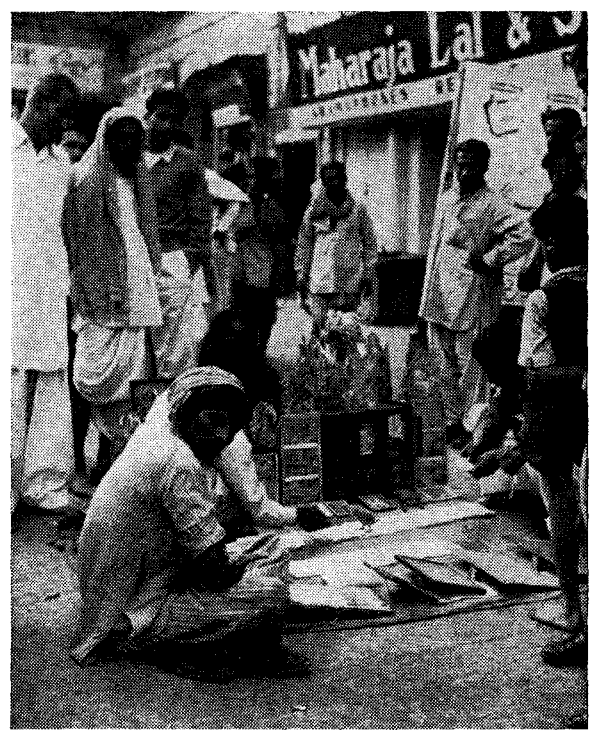
The banker soon presented herself. She was a buxom, businesslike woman in the blue serge suit of an elementary school principal who informed me that, having bought the rubles with travelers checks, it was impossible for me to turn in the rubles for dollars, unless I was willing to fill out a form and wait many weeks. I kept the rubles and the next day we awoke in the black of an Uzbek morning and rolled out to the airport to fly south to the sun. In the darkened terminal building we nearly fell over an Uzbek, *tubeteka* mashed on the back of his head, who was sitting cross-legged on the floor presumably because he didn't find chairs safe or convenient. The waiting-room floor was being polished by a worker with a waxed brush tied to his foot. Working his leg back and forth and supporting himself with a wooden chair that he edged along with him, he gradually, and I suspect painfully, evoked a dull gloss from the murky wood floor.

Our interpreter who on other occasions was eager to point out that his apartment in Moscow was equipped with a movie projector, a television set and an electric razor, informed me that some establishments are waxed with electrically operated polishers. By this time the light had come up in the Uzbek sky and the Air India Constellation, which had just come in from Moscow and which would carry us onward to Delhi, had rolled on the runway. Our interpreter had never seen an American commercial airplane, and when I brought him out to the runway to look at the Lockheed product he was perplexed by the soft, curving lines of its fuselage. "To me it looks old-fashioned," he said, as we trouped back inside to clear customs and immigration.

By this time the local Intourist representative had determined that it was permissable to declare our rubles and take them out of the country. We could change them for rupees in India. It developed, however, that this interpretation was not shared by the authorities—indeed, it was a right accorded to Soviet citizens but not extended to foreign tourists. "Spend them at the airport," the control officer told me, as he looked at the modest stack of rubles. The previous evening I had been given a similar injunction when I presented Intourist with $85 worth of meal coupons that we had been obliged to purchase before entering the Soviet Union, and which we now had left over. Each meal coupon has a ruble value, but the value is based on Moscow prices, whereas we had spent most of our time in Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan, where prices are much lower. Then, too, we had eaten several meals on airplanes, which were included in the cost of our airplane tickets. Alas, this cut no ice with Intourist, and the best they could do was offer us caviar, bottles of vodka, or champagne. And so we left for India with two bottles of vodka and a five-pound can of caviar that we most certainly would never have bought, and at that it was still far short of $85. In the end, the Russians had, in fact, required us to lose $100 in cash, a transaction which, had it been perpetrated in France, would have sent an American tourist flying to the U.S. Embassy.

I brought the interpreter up the gangway of the Air India Constellation for his first look at the inside of a plane that wasn't Russian. The visit to the plush interior of the first-class lounge evoked no comments, and all he could do as the last minutes ticked off was to ask me how the tour in the Soviet Union had gone. I told him travel in Russia was hard, and indeed it had been—hard on the soul, hard on the body, and hard on the pocket. But it was never dull.

We embraced the Indians as a breath of the Western world, and soon the Constellation was airborne, flying south over the Turkestanskiy Range to Termez, the last village on the border between Russia and Afghanistan. Captain Dinyar Bilimoria, the Indian captain, took her up to 21,500 feet as we crossed the white mountains of the Hindu Kush and came at last to Kabul, a scattering of blocks in a valley far below. Crossing into Pakistan, the captain was careful to keep the airplane within corridors that are prescribed by the Pakistani Government. The newspapers had been full of speculation about whether the United States was building a missile base somewhere in the brown expanse below. If they had heard the rumor it was of no apparent interest to a number of Russians who occupied seats in the first-class section. They were busy taking Hindi lessons from an obliging Indian passenger, who



Astrologer and bird on the Chandni Chowk—also stray cows, movie theatres, sidewalk shoemakers, noisy funerals, a seventeenth-century Mughal emperor riding in splendor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was on his way home after undergoing medical treatment in the Soviet Union. Had the Russians taken their own airline, which also flies Moscow-Tashkent-New Delhi, they would have flown over the Himalayas by way of Tibet, and probably they would have made it quicker, but at a certain sacrifice of personal comfort. Aeroflot is not Air India when it comes to passenger pleasure.

In four hours we were down at last in the sun of India. The fur coats that had been such a necessity a few days ago were suddenly oppressive bulk. In winter in Delhi you're fine with a wool suit. The thin-blooded might add a top coat on some nights. Indian customs, like Indian immigration, is among the strictest in the world. The Indian visa that I presented at the Delhi airport was gained only after filling out a seventeen-question form in New York and giving the names of two people in India and two in the United States who would guarantee my repatriation should I turn up perchance on the local Skid Row one day without the fare home. It is, as well, the strangest of regulations, but the Indians allow a measly five rolls of film to be brought into the country duty free, as well as another ten rolls on which duty must be paid. But anything over that requires an import license. It is a ridiculous and short-sighted rule that hardly works in India's favor since photographs brought home by foreign tourists are just about the cheapest form of advertising for any country. The point was lost on a secretary of ministerial rank to whom I broached the issue. "We should sell film here," was his reply.

I must say the minor irritations at the airport are about the only ones that anybody need suffer in India, a country of great hospitality and immense excitement for any traveler out of the West. We checked into the new Asoka, a gigantic hotel in the Diplomatic Enclave, a *quartier* in New Delhi not far from the dazzling new American Embassy which, having been designed by Edward Stone, looks like a squared-off version of our Brussels Fair building.

Topped off with red sandstone towers, the Asoka gives the impression of a huge concrete ship ploughing across the dusty Delhi plain. Some 200 single rooms are available at rates that begin at $9 a day, which includes three meals and afternoon tea, a British ritual that is held in a cavernous lobby. The rates rise gradually to 250 rupees a day ($52.50) for a super deluxe suite that would include a satiny living room, a dining or conference room, two baths, an icebox, and a double bedroom paved with double-damask.

There is an outdoor swimming pool, an arcade of shops, and meals are served in a mammoth dining room under an Indian mural. An Indian orchestra plunking on an assortment of strange instruments serenades at lunch and dinner and the waiters scurry about in white uniforms and orange turbans with an orange fin on top for added dash. Breakfast can include anything from Rice Krispies

to brain cutlets, and for subsequent meals the menu is two-sided, Indian or Western, an arrangement that sometimes has *kamal kari kofta* facing braised leg of lamb. Unfortunately, India has no mineral water of its own; most establishments are usually just out of imported bottled waters, and this means the wary traveler either has to have faith in the boiled water or else fall back on soda pop. While on the subject of potables, it might be a good time to mention that Delhi doesn't exactly forbid drinking, but it insists that tipplers indulge in the seclusion of their hotel rooms. No liquor is served in public, even though both the Asoka and the Imperial have handsome, albeit deserted bars, no less abandoned than a Western town in which the gold mine long since went dry.

THE fashion in Delhi seems to be running to big hotels, and the Indian capital is meeting the jet age with the Oberoi International, which is to open this October with 600 rooms, a small lake, a swimming pool, a coffee shop, and a rooftop nightclub, all of it packed in a fourteen-floor pile. The Oberoi people, a sort of three-way cross between Statler, Hilton, and César Ritz, operate a fourteen-hotel chain that stretches from the Oberoi Mount Everest in Darjeeling to the Grand in Calcutta. While its new International in Delhi can hardly help but be a mass operation, it also operates the Oberoi Imperial in New Delhi, which is a 150-room hotel of exquisite charm run with great suavity by Signor Sibilia, its Italian manager. A double room here is about 80 rupees a day ($16.80), again all inclusive, and that means three meals, afternoon tea, and a massive Sikh at the front door. There is room service around the clock, a tavern that has international cuisine, and the collection of shops in the lobby includes an office of the Mercury Travel Service that plans excursions all over India and to the world beyond.

New Delhi was laid out by Sir Edward Luytens and Sir Herbert Baker alongside the old city of Delhi, which was the ancient capital of India. The new city was opened formally in 1931, a majestic collection of broad avenues, roundabouts, tree-lined boulevards and huge governmental buildings, most of them done in red sandstone and strung with red paths. India Gate is a form of *Arc de Triomphe,* and it leads one up the Central Vista with Parliament House on one side, the Secretariat on the other, and the Rashtrapati Bhawan, the President's digs, at the end. Nehru's house is just nearby with a scattering of orderlies and guards in fanciful costumes always collected outside. Nehru is forever on public display—we were within inches of him on a variety of occasions—but his house is not. On the other hand, it is possible to obtain permission to visit the Rashtrapati Bhawan, which the British built as a nest for their Viceroys. The Indians, of course, had a ready-made capital city in which to move when they took over on August 14, 1947.

The Presidential Palace is a splendid ornament. Its Hall of Special Audiences has crystal chandeliers, impressive ceiling murals done by Indian artists, and even decorated loud-speakers. In an anteroom, portraits of the Countess Mountbatten of Burma and the Rear Admiral the Earl Mountbatten of Burma still hang above the red and gold plush chairs, reflecting an odd liberality among the present rulers of India. The dining hall seats 140 at one long table, and guests are served by forty waiters under the intent gaze of old Viceroys. Behind the palace the President occasionally strolls in his Mughal Gardens, a huge planted park with trimmed trees, fountains, lagoons, reflection pools, flower beds and red and white striped walkways.

Standing at the gate of the Presidential Palace and looking down the straightaway to India Gate and beyond, one can hardly fail to assess the grandeur of New Delhi and the money it cost against the squalor of the old city or, for that matter, the immense poverty of all India. Far down the avenue and through the arch is a crowned statue of King George V, an Englishman shielded from the midday sun by a concrete cupola. All around him is Prince's Park, a big cricket pitch, surrounded by maharajahs' palaces. The new Government asked the princes to turn in all but one of their palaces and give the others to the Government. One such palace now houses the Soviet Embassy.

A spoke called Curzon Road leads

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from India Gate to Connaught Place, a circular shopping center built by the British. Here you can buy a fur coat from Kashmir, or slippers with turned-up toes, or ruby cocktail rings for $30, or hand-sewn handsome Kashmir rugs for $12, or a beetle leaf painted with treated lime, sprinkled with beetle nuts, seasoned with cinnamon that is folded or rolled, chewed with great relish by Indians, particularly after a meal. They cost one anna, which is one-sixteenth of a rupee, or a bit more than one U.S. cent. The effect is cleansing and digestive, is considered by Indians to be about parallel to chewing gum, and turns the lips red. Shopping note: Some stores in Connaught Place have put up signs in Russian.

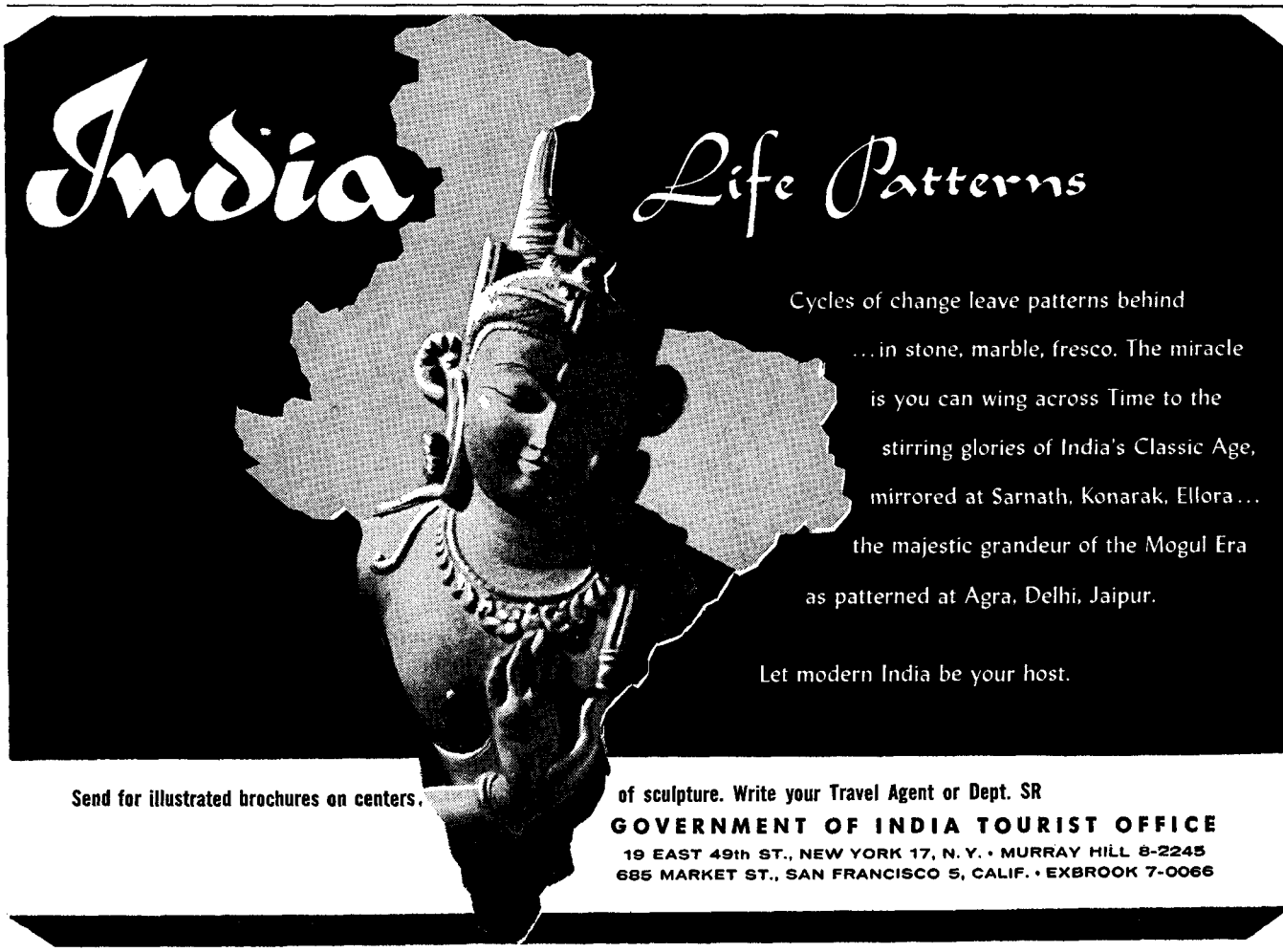
In old Delhi all good tourists go first to the Red Fort, a tremendous cavern that was built by the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan in 1648 because he found Agra too hot. (In Agra the same spendthrift had put up the Taj Mahal to honor his deceased wife.) The Red Fort is 3,000 feet long, 1,800 feet wide, and its walls on the land side—its back faces the river—are 110 feet high. Inside this modest preserve there was a Hall of Public Audiences with space for the prime minister, or wazir, to sit on a marble table inlaid with flower designs in semi-precious stones. Some sightseers, quick with the knife, have since removed a petal or two. There are neem and banyan trees growing on the lawns, ceilings inlaid with clusters of mirrors to reflect the candlelight a hundred times. The Hall of Private Audiences contained the famous peacock throne studded with rubies and diamonds, all long since removed by Persian invaders. The royal bath is a suite of three rooms facing the river, one locker room, a hot room and a cold room. Scented water sprayed forth from a marble lotus blossom inlaid in the floor.

VISITORS have to put on cloth coverings over their shoes to enter the Pearl Mosque, which has marble floors, walls and ceilings, and is crowned handsomely with three onion domes. Says a sign on the lawn, "Please Don't Pluck the Flowers."

At the entrance, hawkers sell Everest Ice Cream and art purveyors peddle art in an arcade of shops. The shop of Tula Ran is stuffed with antique artifacts and Mr. Ran ("I've been to America—Philadelphia, Atlantic City, New York") claims to have sold wares to the Rockefellers, Doris Duke, and Lessing Rosenwald.

Outside the gates horse-drawn two-wheeled *tongas* wait to take you across Delhi, but the most fascinating sight is the Chandni Chowk, an ancient bazaar just across the avenue. It is an incredible street loaded with astrologers with trained birds, shoemakers who work at the curb, stray cows, vendors of cotton goods, movie theaters, unshielded *pissoirs* that would make Paris blush, long-haired yogis, sellers of doormats that say "Step In," Sikh temples, and flower markets where wedding cars are decorated with garlands of zinnias and marigolds. Through it all, now and then, comes a blaring band leading a funeral procession. The deceased, in a makeshift box covered with gaudy crepe paper, is on his way, after a full life, to the crematorium. It is not a time to be sad. But the only real disturber of the hectic peace is the trolley car that clangs up the street, hangers hanging on from every hand-hold, while peddlers, merchants, artisans, and cows scatter from the tracks before being swept up in the cow-catcher. They tell me that great bargains are to be had in gold and silver in stores tucked away in alleys off the Chandni Chowk, but I have never been able to fight my way through the crowds to find them.

In the days of the Shah Jahan, who reigned from 1628 to 1658, the


India
Life Patterns
Cycles of change leave patterns behind
...in stone, marble, fresco. The miracle
is you can wing across Time to the
stirring glories of India's Classic Age,
mirrored at Sarnath, Konarak, Ellora...
the majestic grandeur of the Mogul Era
as patterned at Agra, Delhi, Jaipur.
Let modern India be your host.
Send for illustrated brochures on centers of sculpture. Write your Travel Agent or Dept. SR
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
19 EAST 49th ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. • MURRAY HILL 8-2245
685 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF. • EXBROOK 7-0066

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURES & PRINTS

ORIGINAL
IN PRIVATE COLLECTION

Amadeo Modigliani "Girl in Pink" $8.25 pp
Full Color
21x15

This charming, true-to-the-original "Prestige Print" is one of thousands of the finest reproductions of the world's great paintings —at OESTREICHER'S, America's oldest and largest print house. Choose from old masters, moderns, contemporary — marines, sporting prints, landscapes and religious subjects — each faithful to the colors and brushstrokes of the original masterpiece. We also stock signed and unsigned originals and limited editions. Our catalog ($1. pp) illustrates over 500 works, lists over 4700. Mail orders carefully filled. Also fine framing. (Please print)

Oestreicher's Dept. SR 1208 Sixth Avenue New York 36, N.Y.

TRUMAN CAPOTE'S
FRISKY BEST SELLER
Breakfast at Tiffany's

With the heroine who is "a cross between a grown-up Lolita and a teen-age Auntie Mame."—TIME

Now in its 7th large printing
$3.50 RANDOM HOUSE

FREE! ABC'S of EUROPEAN AUTO TRAVEL
SR-3

Over 250,000 in use. Invaluable information for auto-tourist. Includes facts and costs of *all* self-drive plans (purchase *and* rental) and which of all possible cars is best for *your* trip.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

AUTO-EUROPE® Inc.
NEW YORK: 25 W. 58th St., NY 19 PL 3-1752
CHICAGO: 153 E. Ohio St., Chi 11 MI 2-3211
L.A.: 268 S. Beverly Dr., Bev. Hills Cal. BR 2-2921

emperor rode in splendor down the Chandni Chowk, then the main thoroughfare of the capital. Down this boulevard the Shah's eldest son was paraded as a prisoner by his brother. There were no trolley cars then, but a canal flowed through the middle of the avenue until 1910. The Shah's other achievement in Delhi was the great Jama Mosque, a giant Moslem mosque built of red sandstone, which still dominates the Delhi skyline not far from the Chandni Chowk. A long flight of steps leads up to the main gate that opens onto a huge courtyard surrounded by cloisters. The minarets stretch skyward for 130 feet. Masked Moslem women still come and Moslem merchants peddle their wares from small shops piled in a jumble around the Shah's temple.

TRAVELERS invade old Delhi too, to sample that other leftover of Mughal culture, the *tandoori* chicken. The most famous place for it is the Moti Mahal, a two-story restaurant on a disreputable looking street that paints its chickens with a coating of red herbs, according to the ancient recipe, then bakes them in an underground oven. With it comes a flat bread that is rolled into balls of dough, slapped against the sides of an underground oven. The loaves emerge roughly in the shape of an economy-sized flounder. Pickled onions and curried quail are side dishes, and for dessert there is ice cream sprinkled with edible silver paper and pistachio nuts; then with coffee, a tray of rock candy and sugar-coated anise seeds. So many tourists come to Moti Mahal they like to tell the story of the confused lady visitor who crossed into old Delhi at night to see the Moti Mahal by moonlight and then ordered *tandoori* chicken at the Taj Mahal.

We went later to pay our respects to the one who had fought the British every inch of the way for Indian independence. We drove past a haying station where vendors were stacking feed for cattle owners, past the horrible jungle of a gypsy camp and there between old Delhi and New we came at last to Rajghat, where Gandhi was cremated on the last day of January 1948. Prayers are held each Friday evening (Gandhi died on a Friday), and as well on his birthday, October 2nd, and the day he died, January 30th. But every day there is a continuous parade, and as we stood there a family of six shuffled to the square concrete slab and each child put a coin in the box and touched his head. Then they sprinkled flowers on top of the borders of zinnias and the clusters of rose petals.

Two young men came in turbans and blue blazers emblazoned with the seal of the school in a far-off province. Then came Westerners and Chinese and ragged Hindus and aged ladies. And all of them with their shoes off, and we, stood on the stone walk and gazed with silence on the flower offerings and on the wreath that lay on the cement block, written in flowers with the words he said when he collapsed from an assassin's bullet, "Oh Lord." They were the last words he uttered. We put on our shoes and walked through the gardens to the road. Two-wheeled *tongas* were rolling past carrying the Sunday journeyers home. In the silken rooms of the Imperial dusty tourists would be pouring a surreptitious drink. The Russians, doubtless, were exercising their Hindi; the cooks in the Moti Mahal were painting their chickens, and up in the tower of the Jama Mosque the muezzin would soon be calling the holy to prayer.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the fourth in a series of articles on a round-the-world trip.)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Measure for Measure," ii, 1.—2. "Measure for Measure," iv, 6.—3. "2 King Henry IV, iii, 2.—4. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," i, 1.—5. "Twelfth Night," v, 1.—6. "Cymbeline," ii, 3.—7. "Merry Wives of Windsor," i, 1.—8. "Coriolanus," iii, 1.—9. "Hamlet," v, 2.—10. "Coriolanus," iv, 1.

HOW TO ENRICH YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION

Enrich your child's school work with Calvert's famous home-study courses. Kindergarten—8th grade: history, geography, arithmetic, science, poetry, cultural subjects, skills, etc. Ideal way to enrich educational experience of superior child. Teaching manual for parents. 53rd yr. Non-profit. Free catalog.

CALVERT SCHOOL
The School That Comes to You
330 Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.

HAVE fun in Europe

READ RICHARD HARRITY'S BOOK
JUST OUT $3.95 · DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

EUROPE

We'll see the usual, plus Africa to Sweden; Dublin to past the Iron Curtain. A different trip—for the young in spirit who want to be accompanied but not herded around. Also shorter trips. $685-$1340.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box B — Pasadena, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR

From Privates to West Pointers, Heroes All

"Brave Men and Great Captains," by Col. R. Ernest and Col. Trevor N. Dupuy *(Harper. 384 pp. $5.95), is a sympathetic survey of bravery and leadership on American battlefields throughout U.S. history. Lynn Montross, our reviewer, wrote "War Through the Ages," a history of weapons and battles from that of Marathon in 490 B.C. to the present day.*

By Lynn Montross

AFTER two generations of writings holding the glory of war in low account, it is a change to turn the pages of a book that frankly extols the valor of American soldiers and the gallantry of American generals all the way from Washington to MacArthur.

The Dupuys, father and son, are well equipped to undertake such a book. Professional soldiers themselves, they have also proved themselves to be competent writers and historians, with an understandable Army bias.

The first chapter deals with two Bunker Hills of American history—the battle which took place in 1775, and the combat which occurred in Korea 176 years later on one of several heights named after log-faced bunkers which protected American soldiers from Chinese Communist mortar fire. There are vast differences in the tools of war, of course, but the Dupuys make it clear in their comparisons that the need for firm combat leadership has never changed.

Most of the significant land battles and army leaders of American history have their moments in chapters devoted to Washington at Monmouth, Wayne at Stony Point, Scott at Chippewa, Taylor at Buena Vista, Grant at Vicksburg, Lee at Chancellorsville, Pershing at St. Mihiel, and on down the years to Eisenhower in World War II and MacArthur in Korea.

The discursive style of the book makes good reading, and the digressions add as much to the reader's interest as the main theme. Sometimes, indeed, slight historical errors appear, as if the authors had been too absorbed to check minor dates and place names.

If there is any one grave fault, it may be charged to the fact that the Dupuys become so fond of their heroes on occasion as to depart from objectivity. Since they prefer the general who is "good newspaper copy" to more sedate colleagues, it is inevitable that George S. Patton, Jr., should stand high in their estimation. The advance of his Third Army through France after the St. Lô breakthrough in the summer of 1944 is appraised as "the greatest armored dash that the world had yet seen." Bare mention is reserved for the simultaneous drive of quiet, reserved Courtney H. Hodges's First Army, which accomplished as much in actual results while overcoming stiffer opposition.

No general in the book receives as heaping a measure of adulation as Douglas MacArthur. Certainly he is unique in his record of distinction as a commander in three major American wars over a period of forty-four years. But readers who believe in the Constitutional provision which places the civil power over the military will doubtless conclude that the Dupuys have overdone it with their championship of MacArthur as a martyr in Korea.

The authors are on safer ground and advance with a surer tread when dealing with American wars and generals prior to 1917. On the strength of their Revolutionary, Mexican War, and Civil War chapters alone, they have turned out an interesting and informative book that is well worth reading.

The Scars and Price of Force

"The Face of War," by Martha Gellhorn *(Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.75), includes the author's dispatches from Spain, Finland, China, Britain, Italy, and Germany from 1936-45. Their value today is judged by Stanley M. Swinton, erstwhile war correspondent, now general news editor of The Associated Press's World Services.*

By Stanley M. Swinton

THE THING likely to be overlooked in determining the fate of peoples is people. That is what preoccupies Martha Gellhorn in this timely book.

"I believe that memory and imagination, not nuclear weapons, are the great deterrents," she writes. To refresh memories, Miss Gellhorn brings back for her readers some of her memorable dispatches for *Collier's* from Spain, Finland, China, Britain, Italy, and Germany between 1936 and 1945.

Her words are as vivid and moving today as when she wrote them. The ugly face of war is pictured as it is. There is the RAF burn center where surgeons rebuild scarred, noseless masks into faces. There are the men blown up by mines in Italy. In every capital there are the bombers and the shattered homes, the mutilated children. There are the hungry and the mad.

It is not often that a collection of magazine articles has point fourteen years after the last was written. Necessarily, Miss Gellhorn made some questionable guesses (events scarcely bore out her faith in Nationalist China's mainland army, for instance). But on balance she was more farsighted than most of us. Finland was an experience which kept her suspicious of Soviet Russia during the wartime honeymoon between East and West. In 1944 she was wondering what would become of the Poles fighting with Britain's Eighth Army. Most of her colleagues presumed they would return home to a relatively untroubled Poland.

One great value of the book is that to the young who have not known war firsthand it will show the price paid in human misery when men seek to settle their disputes by force.

(Parenthetically, a fine CBS television program called "Twentieth Century" also is doing this. I have had any number of young friends tell me that they had only a vague idea of the Spanish War or the Remagen Bridge incident or Italian Fascism until they saw these programs.)

For the older generation, which

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lived through the war, this book will spark personal memories. When Miss Gellhorn suggests that every pilot should visit a place he bombed, this reviewer remembered with a chill taking part in a strafing operation in Korea as an observer and then later advancing over the area with the infantry—to find we had strafed not Chinese, as we believed, but refugees. When she writes of Dachau, I recalled a Gestapo headquarters that I entered in France with a Seventh Army patrol—and the horror of what we saw.

For all those who have known it, this book will bring fresh realization of the price of war in human terms. And the wars we knew were old-fashioned, pre-atomic wars. Man never in history has succeeded in maintaining peace, yet man's stake in finding the road to nonmilitary solutions to international misunderstanding never was so great as it is today.

Samurais of the Sky

"The Divine Wind: Japan's Kamikazi Force in World War II," by Rikihei Inoguchi, Tadashi Nakajima, and Roger Pineau *(U.S.N.A. Institute. 240 pp. $4.50), examines the psyche of the suicide flyers who lost their lives during the final episodes of the Pacific conflict. David Keith Hardy spent the Second World War in Southeast Asia and China as a British Royal Marine Commando officer.*

By David Keith Hardy

> A world without strife will come only when every man has learned to curb his desires. Assuming that the strongest of these is man's desire to live, you may say that this desire cannot be governed. Therefore, if our wish is for a peaceful world, it would be well to study the spirit of the Kamikazi pilots.

WITH these enigmatic words, Captain Rikihei Inoguchi, a staff officer of the Japanese Kamikazi Corps, answered a question put to him soon after V-J Day by an American interrogating officer. Here, more than thirteen years later, in "The Divine Wind" Captain Inoguchi and a fellow officer, Commander Tadashi Nakajima, relive —in this American version of the story, translated and re-edited by an American Naval Reserve officer, Roger Pineau—the tragic ten-month history of this unique Suicide Force, Japan's ultimate gesture of desperation.

In the terrible outbursts of carnage that has swept across this planet since the War Between the States, few men have faced death with the equanimity —at times almost exultation—of the 4,000 or more Japanese who hurled outdated and outgunned aircraft, in ever dwindling supply, against the U.S. fleet during the final episodes of the Pacific war from the Philippines to Okinawa, and ultimately the home islands. The Emperor himself asked of the Kamikazi operations: "Was it necessary to go to this extreme?"

The answers lie deep in Japanese history, tradition, and society. The story told in "The Divine Wind" is recent history. Yet it reads in some ways like ancient calligraphy from a medieval Japanese scroll. In this story is written the end of the era of Japanese chivalry carried down over the centuries into a modern world: the final chapter in the elaborate ritual of the Samurai warrior and his code of Bushido.

This book is tragedy unadorned. It is also without doubt the most carefully documented and accurate account of the suicide fliers, their lives and thoughts. Here, too, are given the strategic and tactical justifications for this final desperate gamble and the counter arguments which in hindsight are surely more persuasive. Meanwhile, admiration and respect for these men caught in the tangled web of history and a dying tradition of warfare is not without justification.

Criminal Record

SOMEONE WILL DIE TONIGHT IN THE CARIBBEAN. *By René Puissesseau. Knopf.* $3.50. French journalist vacations in off-beaten-path islands in Lesser Antilles, sails with poor-white descendants of ancient pirates and girls sent out from homeland; present-day inhabitants are largely smugglers and livers-by-their-wits in general. Factual account is vivid, exotic; a travelogue about a wild region not in the tourist folders.

THE INNOCENT HOUSE. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $2.95. Washington lawyer passes along spy tip to FBI; his vacationing wife, planning surprise, dashes home, but assorted dead block path to family reunion. Quite something.

THE GRAY FLANNEL SHROUD. *By Henry Slesar. Random House.* $2.95. Big New York ad agency jolted when huge baby-food account threatens to tear loose; assorted violent deaths fail to improve morale; love finds a way. Sprightly and choice.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace,* $3.50. Connecticut yachting set titillated when brass-mill owner imports bride whose No. 1 stopped bullet; second death precipitates new buzzing; watch that black yawl. Smooth sailing all the way. (Yarn ran in *SEP* as "I Married Murder.")

A LONG WAY DOWN. *By Elizabeth Fenwick. Harper.* $2.95. Female office worker in New Englandish all-male college takes header off bridge as sheets of boy friend's thesis trail along behind; Matt Holley, college proctor (*i.e.*, private eye) wonders did-she-fall-or. Deftly and adroitly done, with neat characterization, good humor.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE. *By Jean Potts. Scribners.* $2.95. Midwesterner returns home from New York post to find mother, father, uncles, aunts adither because of alleged suicide attempt; fifteen-year-old miss prime character. Several among personnel fail to ring true. She's beaten this.

THE MADHOUSE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE. *By David Alexander. Lippincott.* $3. Decayed Greenwich Village genius who wrote smash-hit novel years back bites dust; bohemian crew (m. and f.) all suspect. Characters approximate the fantastic. Somewhat slow motion.

THE MERCHANT OF MURDER. *By Spencer Dean. Crime Club.* $2.95. Stock boy vanishes from swank New York department store, putting wrinkles in brow of Don Cadee, security chief; murder trail leads to Kentucky horse belt and more murder. So-so.

THE DELICATE DARLING. *By Jack Webb. Rinehart.* $2.95. Father Joseph Shanley and Sergeant Sammy Golden team up again in Los Angeles murder cases in which amorous Cuban poet is critical character. Population is excessive.

HATE FOR SALE. *By Marten Cumberland. British Book Centre.* $2.95. Mustachioed Commissaire Saturnin Dax, Paris police ace, trails killers (cane sword and gun) of journalist; other deaths follow; trip to Riviera thrown in. Pedestrian and pleasant.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 24

individual identity. If so, we don't want to hear about it—any more than we want to have "The Arabian Nights" cut into symbolic strips. This one, too, is the stuff of dreams, and should remain so.

Unlikely Lovers

***"Claire Serrat," by I. A. R. Wylie** (Putnam. 252 pp. $3.50), couples a frail English lady with an unstable French peasant to demonstrate the therapy of love. Virgilia Peterson, who weekly debates literature on the radio, discusses the book for us.*

By Virgilia Peterson

I. A. R. WYLIE, who lives in America, belongs to a generation of English women writers who year after year have been turning out novels which, if they are not earth-shaking, nevertheless maintain a higher level of distinguished sensibility than any other women writers of our time. Miss Wylie lacks the brilliance, the power, the tender irony of a Rebecca West, an Elizabeth Bowen, a Rumer Godden, but she has an uncompromisingly serious intent and gives that impression of tutored instinct and well-furnished mind which the literate reader cannot fail to appreciate. Like Storm Jameson, Miss Wylie has a deep respect for the differences between one culture and another as well as an acute awareness of their common ground.

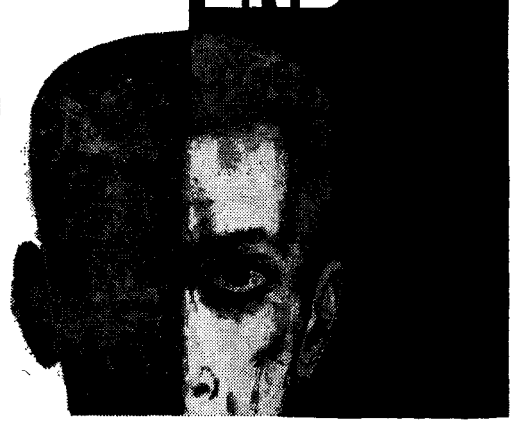
In this latest of her novels, "Claire Serrat," it is with the differences between English and French that she concerns herself, and with the deeper similarities that underly them and stem from love of home. But to readers of short breath who tend to skip description and hop from crag to crag of narrative, "Claire Serrat" will doubtless seem rather flat, as it will seem remote and unreal to whoever seeks photographic probability. For the frail British aristocrat, Claire Serrat herself, who is ridden with tuberculosis and the death wish when the story opens, and the stalwart French peasant, Martin Thibault, who has come so near the verge of madness that he holds daily converse with his mother in her grave, are as unlikely a pair to come together as they are unlikely in themselves. And although it is clear from the start that, since neither of them has anyone else in the world to turn to, they are certain to turn to one another, Miss Wylie takes her own slow, brooding time to bring this about.

Both Claire and Martin, in seemingly very different ways, are victims of the destruction of war. Claire had been left alone after her father burned down the ancient family manor, together with himself, to keep it from falling to strangers, and her mother had died of the shock. Penniless and beautiful, she had plucked from London's café society a demanding, ambitious young actor named Robert, and her affair with him had so ruined her health that she had fled in his battered sports car to a shabby inn in Provence to die. Martin, in turn, had seen his father shot in the French Resistance, had himself shot a girl to keep her from betraying his Resistance friends, had been locked up in a madhouse, had escaped and returned to his Provence village to find the doors flapping in the wind and everyone gone but his mother. After his mother's death he had stayed on alone, hiding in the deserted ruins with only his hens and his goats and her ghost to remind him that he was still alive. In what circumstances

ДЕ́НЬГИ*

is a magic word.

It can turn patriots into profiteers, make laws disappear, and whisk strategic materials from New York to Moscow—as you will see in...MEANS TO AN END



a novel of suspense by
JOHN ROWAN WILSON

Literary Guild Selection

$3.95 at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY

*at 10 rubles to the dollar

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And here's the whole lusty story of the wild and wicked men and women who came running at the first sound of gushing riches.

HILDEGARDE DOLSON

proves that history is more fun than fiction in

The Great Oildorado

$3.95, now at your bookstore

Random House

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

THE GRADUATE INSTITUTE OF BOOK PUBLISHING

Communication Arts Group

- A full-year program designed to train men and women of exceptional promise for careers in the book industry.
- Academic study with outstanding lecturers in literature and the humanities.
- Workshop courses with experts from the industry.
- Apprentice training in the New York book trade.
- M. A. degree.
- Now accepting applications for academic year 1959-60.

For information and application write:
John Tebbel, Director
Graduate Institute of Book Publishing
171 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York

UNIVERSITY OF OSLO'S TWELFTH INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL
Six weeks, July 2—August 13, 1959
(All lectures in English)
Art, History, Language, Literature and Music of Norway, *Norwegian Economic Life, Political and Social* Institutions, Housing and Town Planning, International Relations, Norwegian Educational System for International Teachers Institute members, Physical Education in Scandinavia for Physical Education Teachers. **Write: Admissions Office, Oslo Summer School, Northfield, Minn.**

Claire and Martin meet and what impact they have upon each other constitute the burden of the tale.

The change that Claire Serrat undergoes—from an unhappy little hedonist, an embryonic Lady Brett, into a woman ready to accept the whole price of maturity—may be somewhat hard to believe. But Miss Wylie writes of the difference between love and passion with a certain authority. The main flaw of the book is that she seems to be more concerned with establishing and proving her doctrine than with the likelihood of the story itself. However, her doctrine—that love alone can heal wounds and regenerate the soul—is irrefutably sound.

DESERT JUSTICE: Michael Barrett in **"Stranger in Galah"** (Norton, $3.75) has come up with a novel that he can be proud of. His story tells of a runaway, trucking across the northern Australian desert, who sees an aborigine strung up on a tree and takes the body into town, with almost no hope that justice will ever be done. He goes about the job patiently, tackles the police and all the local roughnecks in a dead-end town, in a time of drought when nerves are on edge. He acts on no principles: it is enough for him to be aware of the thin, hideous face of the aborigine. His allies are women: a Czech waitress; Margie Thompson, who keeps a store; the wife of the killer, weary of his trade with aboriginal women; but his greatest ally is that heavy sulphurous landscape. Men are half witless in the heat. The air stings in the brooding of noon. There is a dead black man in the town and another hidden in a cave, and the killer owns the town.

All that is simple enough except that Mr. Barrett has written with a line as clean as a steel piston-rod, with a sense of the overwhelming need for a human voice to cry out against the inhuman desert. He is difficult to quote, but he shows his quality well enough in a description of the fire which swept over the desert:

> The air was dry, and the red terror swept over the land, fast as a car could travel, balls of fire driving house-top high above the ground. Smoke and fury and destruction, a black sun in a dark sky, chaos and desolation. It passed over the bush, dying out far-off to the gibber flats; a black waste lay behind it, standing silent, waiting. The red glow died; even the small wisps of smoke passed away and the blackness was desolate, cooling.

—Robert Payne.

Chess Corner—10

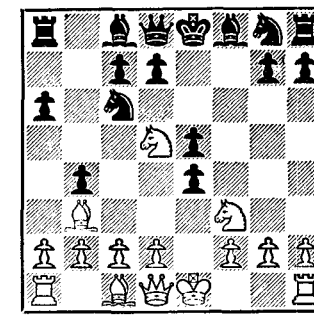
FROM time to time there has been a hue and cry that the game of chess is played out; that chess is a matter of memory, not ingenuity. Even invincible Capablanca subscribed to this speculation. A change in rules is what he recommended. On the other extreme, there have been those who cite the number of combinations possible in the first ten moves of chess. It is the figure one, followed by twenty-nine zeroes. Between these radical points of view undoubtedly lies the happy medium. Ninety-nine per cent of the combinative possibilities are rejected on principle, but the 1 per cent is more than sufficient to keep the game alive for centuries to come.

An interesting specimen of originality, for example, is the following game from the recently concluded United States championship tournament. On his eighth move, White gambits a Knight and comes within an ace of victory.

RUY LOPEZ

	W. Lombardy (White)		J. Sherwin (Black)
1	P-K4	P-K4	
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	
3	B-N5	P-QR3	
4	B-R4	P-B4	
5	N-B3	P-QN4	
6	B-N3	P-N5	
7	N-Q5	PxP	

BLACK



WHITE

White appears to be routed. His next turn, however, places the burden of defense on Black.

8 P-Q4!	PxN	23 QxN	R-KN1
9 QxP	B-K2	24 R-B4	K-Q1
10 O-O	NxP	25 RxP	K-K2
11 NxPch	QxN	26 R-N6	K-B2
12 Q-B7ch	K-Q1	27 RxP	Q-R6
13 QxP	NxB	28 Q-B2	B-KR5
14 QxR	Q-B5	29 Q-Q2	B-N4
15 RPxN	Q-K3	30 PxQ	BxQch
16 R-R5	B-B3	31 K-B2	B-B5
17 QxP	B-QN2	32 P-N4	R-KR1
18 B-K3	N-K2	33 K-N2	R-N1ch
19 R-B5	B-B3	34 K-B2	R-KR1
20 P-KB3	K-B2	35 K-N2	R-N1ch
21 Q-Q3	N-Q4	36 K-B2	R-KR1
22 R-Q1	NxB	Drawn	

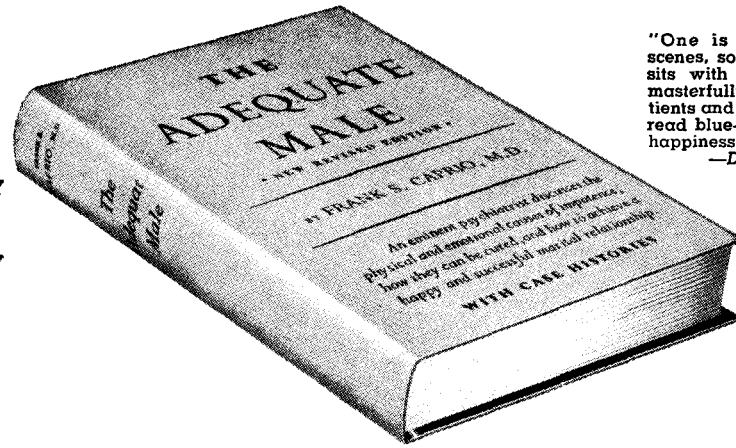
A fitting conclusion.

—Al Horowitz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you know these "secrets of male adequacy"?

OVER 42,000 MEN HAVE FOUND IN THIS BOOK THE STEPS ANY HUSBAND CAN TAKE TO MORE FULLY SATISFY HIS MARRIAGE PARTNER AND MORE COMPLETELY ENJOY THE "ART OF LOVE"



"One is taken behind the scenes, so to speak, where he sits with the physician who masterfully analyzes his patients and gives them an easily read blue-print to success and happiness..."
—*D. O. Cauldwell, M.D.*

Noted Specialist Gives the Real Facts on Sex Adequacy

Here are a few of the hundreds of subjects covered in The Adequate Male:

How men can develop their sexual capacity... **How to satisfy more fully**... What about foreplay... **Errors in technique—and how to correct them**... Understanding the love needs of women... **How to get along with women**... What every woman expects from a man... **The art of "making love"**... Overcoming sex frigidity in women... **The answer to sexual impotence**... Alcohol as stimulant to sex urge... **How to guard against sex fallacies**... Castration complex... **"I don't get enough love from my wife"**... Steps to overcome sex indifference... **How to retain potency in the later years**... Sex fulfillment and mental health... **Frequency of intercourse**... Techniques that prolong sex satisfaction... **The Don Juan**... Overcoming premature ejaculation... **Sexual aberrations**... "My wife never wants sex"... **Rules for sex-after-forty**... Masculine responsibility... **The prostate gland**... and much more.

EVERYTHING that a man must know—and do—to achieve greater sexual satisfaction for himself and his wife is in Dr. Caprio's famous book—*The Adequate Male*.

In unmistakably clear language, Dr. Caprio presents his famous system for achieving the complete adequacy essential for good health and success in marriage. This practical step-by-step plan of action has helped thousands of men develop their ability to satisfy more fully.

The Lost Art of "Making Love"

With frank and forthright case histories taken from his files, Dr. Caprio illustrates in real human terms why there is no reason for any man to fall short of enjoying his full sexual capacity. He gives such amazingly helpful specific guidance as:

- The ten rules for making the most of the love needs of women.
- The eight "blunders" most men make as lovers.
- The secret of sexual vitality during the middle years—and later.
- The proven method you can follow to improve your adequacy and build an enduring marriage relationship.
- The seven most frequent male personality problems—and how to correct each of them.

The Adequate Male was written specifically for married men by a doctor who has devoted a lifetime to showing how easy it is to gain self-confidence and more highly develop the "Art of Love." There is simply no other book like it for men who want to fully realize their natural power to satisfy.

Send for a Trial Examination Copy Today

Let us send you a copy of *The Adequate Male* to read and examine for 10 days without obligation. If you are not convinced that Dr. Caprio's book is everything we say, simply return it and the total purchase price will be refunded immediately. Mail the convenient no-risk coupon today.

About the Author—Dr. Frank S. Caprio

Dr. Frank S. Caprio has gained a world-wide reputation for his writings in the field of psychiatry and is a recognized authority on sexual matters. His articles in medical journals have been acclaimed by critics, and his books have been hailed as being among the most comprehensive work in these fields. Dr. Caprio is a member of the American Medical Association, American Psychiatric Association, Society for the Advancement of Psychotherapy, St. Elizabeth's Medical Society, American Society for the Advancement of Science.

MAIL COUPON FOR 10 DAYS TRIAL EXAMINATION

To your bookseller, or
The Citadel Press, Dept. A399
222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

I enclose $3.95. Please send me, postage pre-paid, a copy of Dr. Caprio's famous book, "The Adequate Male." I agree to examine the book and, if I do not find it helpful, I may return it for complete refund within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ **SEND NO MONEY: If you prefer, send no money now and pay postman $3.95 plus postage. Same 10-day return privilege.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Faulkner to Film

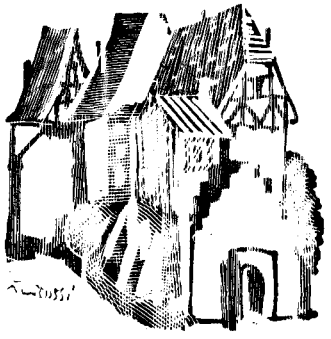
Continued from page 16

worked into the warp and woof of our drama.

Again, an element of the second part of the novel, which deals with the suicide of Quentin Compson, and which takes place eighteen years earlier than the other three parts, has been preserved by keeping Quentin alive and allowing him to enter into the action of our story. We see him as he would surely have become if he had failed in his attempt to take his own life: an aging, gentle alcoholic living dimly in his memory of the past. In this way the return of Caddy Compson, his sister, precipitates a situation that dredges up the conflicts that existed between them in the past.

Jean-Paul Sartre has commented about the novel of "The Sound and the Fury" that in it "the past takes on a sort of super-reality. Its contours are hard and clear—unchangeable. The present, nameless and fleeting, is helpless before it . . . full of gaps, and, through these gaps, things of the past—fixed, motionless and as silent as judges or glances—come to invade it." We have, I feel, managed to convey this sense of the "invasion of the past" in many scenes of our film.

Extracting the essentials from as complex a work as "The Sound and the Fury" was not an easy task. The Ravetches's first step in preparing the adaptation was to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the novel. They each read the book several times before starting to discuss it. Then they analyzed its story, its setting, its characters, and their motivations. The clues that Faulkner provides to all these things are sometimes elliptical, often scattered. They had to assemble, to sort—and finally to select. Gradually a form for the screenplay, a dramatic continuity, emerged. It was a new form, certainly different than the novel, but in terms of the screen it allowed us to convey much of the substance and all, we hope, of the essence of the original work.



Since the very word, "adaptation" implies, as well, "interpretation," we recognize that we may not have produced a film that will wholly please those purists who find any sort of "tampering" with a literary "masterpiece" a kind of sacrilege. We also are aware that a motion picture that must necessarily appeal to a much larger segment of the public than the work upon which it is based will inevitably, in the process of transference, lose some of the subtleties of the original. And since a film, by the nature of its execution, cannot be the distilled essence of a single mind, but is a collaborative venture, involving the participation of many disparate talents, changes may be required that do not stem only from the work of the adaptor.

As an example, we felt ourselves very fortunate to acquire the services of Yul Brynner to play the role of "Jason." Temperamentally, he fit the role perfectly. Yet he has an undisguisable accent and a touch of exoticism about him that at first glance seemed out of place in the locale of our story. We made this acceptable by changing the nationality of Jason and his aging mother to French—from the Bayou country in Louisiana. In terms of the family relationships portrayed in Faulkner's novel, this was not only entirely logical but it added contrast and flavor to the story.

Jason also is portrayed as having finer motivations behind his actions than in the book. In the process of dramatization this positive note seemed essential. The rest of the characters are left virtually intact, and we trust that this one change has not prevented us from rendering the tone and quality of Faulkner's book.

I am often asked what Mr. Faulkner thinks about all this. In selling the motion-picture rights to a book, he puts no restrictions on the purchaser other than that he, Faulkner, *not* be required to read the scripts or see the picture!

His attitude is that his *book* is his work, and as such will remain intact regardless of what other mediums it may be adapted to. I'm sure he must feel that his task on "The Sound and the Fury" was finished in 1929 when the last corrected proof went off to the publishers. If, he seems to say, thirty years later an admirer of the book wants to make a movie based on it, let them. It cannot alter what has been done. I only hope that, if by any chance Mr. Faulkner *does* wander into his local theatre in Oxford, Mississippi, while "The Sound and the Fury" is playing, he will recognize the good faith of our effort.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

BOOK AND BOOKLET PRODUCTION from manuscript to bound copies—without evaluation or merchandising. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149th St., NYC 55.

RESEARCH problems large or small save time, get all facts promptly and accurately from "FACT-FINDERS," 5694 Oakgrove, Oakland 9, California.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK—Manuscript typing: Books, Plays. 342 Madison, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-0492.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, etc. LEAHEY's, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

TYPING, professional. Peggy Sweet, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

BOOKS

FOR SALE; First 14 issues of Life Magazine—Dated: November 23, 1936 to February 22, 1937. What is your offer? IVanhoe 6-8184. N.Y.

BOOKS ON ANTIQUES and their prices. FREE *circular!* R. *Warman, Publisher, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.*

FOR GERMAN BOOKS see Gerard Fuchs. 2061 Broadway, NY 23, SC 4-0833.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BUY AND SELL BETTER BOOKS at auction by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample catalogue on request. California Book Auction Company, 1228 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, California.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUES—*scores of beautiful designs.* Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Free Search Service. Box 2570R, Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

WE CAN FIND the book you want. Queens Books, P. O. Box 188, L.I.C. 4, N.Y.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE GOURMET

TACOS, Mexican delicacy, formed perfectly in Molina Taco Maker. Aluminum molds hold tortillas for deep-fat frying. Complete with recipe. $2.50 ppd. Western Authentics, Rt. 2, Box 815, Tucson, Arizona.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek —any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE trial. Phone Circle 7-0830 for FREE book, FREE trial: No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

LITERARY PRIZES

NEW MACMILLAN FICTION AWARD—$7,500 for winning novel—between 50,000 and 200,000 words. Contest closes March 31, 1959. For Official Rules, write Fiction Award Editor, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

ART

DAUMIER, lithographs from Charivari and Caricature. $15 to $20. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64-65 St.)

PORTRAIT OF DISTINCTION done from your photo, 18" x 24", charcoal—$15, colored pastel—$25, satisfaction guaranteed, John Walencik, 5204 W. 8th, Los Angeles 36, California.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European and Japanese artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form, free bulletin. INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON University invites donations of paintings and objets d'art to its art museum, Rutherford, New Jersey.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155A, Verona, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, Sperrhake harpsichords, Homer Ledford Kentucky Dulcimers. Free catalogues. 3-96-D, HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

WANTED: Two copies London International #91127 Gypsy Festival, Stes. Marie de la Mer. Box G-769.

12" L.P.'s FROM YOUR TAPES, $6. 3/$15. I.M.P., Box 1266, Oak Bluffs, Mass.

FILMS

FOR SALE—16 mm films, Griffiths, Eisenstein, Chaplin, others. Box G-829.

PERSONALS

HOW AND WHERE TO LOOK IT UP. Having trouble locating facts? Wonderful new book tells you where to find information on every subject. Actually makes research easy. Lists, evaluates, tells you how to use all standard reference sources: newspapers, magazines, books, films, slides, government, trade, organization and foreign publications. Ask your bookstore for HOW AND WHERE TO LOOK IT UP by Robert Murphey. Price $15.00. Published by McGraw-Hill.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. LExington 2-4769. (NYC).

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment! Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 515 Madison Avenue, NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

PERSONALS

DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE AWARDS, deadline April 30. For information address Box 200-Z, Stanford, California.

TYPE A PERFECT LOOKING MANUSCRIPT—Use Eaton's Corrasable Bond Paper—erases without a trace. Try it. Send 25¢ for a 25-sheet sample packet of Corrasable Bond. Enough for 7,500 of your best words. Eaton Paper Corporation, Dept. SR 3, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

SEEK COLLEGE GRADUATE, liberal arts background. Interesting work, nice salary. N.Y., New England Area. Box G-184.

SEARCH, SKETCH $4.00. Free folder. HERALDRY, 1352 Bains St., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new booklet surveys all possibilities, Government and private—Administrative, teaching, radio, newspaper, technical. Covers American companies in sixty countries. Send $1.00 Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 229-X, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

PURSE ORGANIZERS, Jet black taffeta with rich roman stripe grosgrain centers. $1.00. Marshall Fields Section 17, Chicago.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE—B.A. Sociology. Desire challenging position as a team. Foreign location preferred. Box G-762.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493. (NYC).

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, Statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16.

AMERICAN LADY takes paying guests in her villa in Florence, Italy. Box G-783.

MAY TO OCTOBER—Home in foothills White Mountains in return for housekeeping for busy elderly gentleman. Floyd Voris, 130 Eleventh Southeast, Washington 3, D.C.

NEEDED, MAN OVER FORTY; literate, humorous, varied worldly interests combined with enjoyment and know-how of simple country living, tenderness for animals, deep reverance for nature—to manage for mother and teenage daughter, large unorthodox Kennels Northern California foothills. Box G-832.

EXPERIENCED FRENCH, GERMAN INTERPRETER, 29. MA Comparative Literature. Stanford, Columbia, Paris, Grenoble. Desires summer work abroad. Box G-831.

TWENTY-SIXTH WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 20—August 7. Outstanding staff; A. B. Guthrie, Walker Gibson, Stewart Holbrook, William Peden, and Virginia Sorensen. Inquire Margaret Robb, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder.

COAT-OF-ARMS Plaques, Parchment Paintings 400,000 names. All nationalities. Free Brochure. HERALDIC PUBLISHING, 305 West End, New York 23.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N.Y.

WRITERS' DIGEST will award $3,500 in prizes to writers for the best 200 short stories. For rules and prize list write Dept. S, WRITER'S DIGEST, 22 East 12 St., Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

JUST A GOOD BUY! RAZOR BLADES. Finest Swedish steel, double-edged, precision-ground. 100 Blades for $2. SHOP-BY-MAIL, Box 55, Highbridge Station, NYC 52.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES." Excellent professional, teaching, clerical; Europe, South America, etc. 200 job classifications, 100 firms, government now hiring (Male, Female). $1. (Refundable). OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 21S, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"! Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

GOING ABROAD? Male or female, learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in EUROPE IN A SUITCASE. This fact-packed book saves time, money, energy; keeps you from making costly mistakes. Fourth Revised Edition, $1.00 ppd. Muriel Scudder, 235 Abbey Road, Manhasset, New York.

PERSONALS

FINE GUITARS. The world famous HOFNER classic, flamenco, and folk guitars and Lutes from Western Germany (from $175 to $45) shipped directly to you from importer on a 5-day aproval plan; crating free. Write for particulars. LOCKER'S Fine Musical Instruments, 21 S. 18th St., Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

SINGLE POLYGLOT "whose eye is not dimmed, nor natural force abated," will do anything, anywhere, June 10 to September 10. Box G-794.

LUTES BY WILLY HOPF—six string tenor lutes played like the guitar. Perfect for folk music. From $52.50 Wayne Anderson. Box G-868.

LOSING ROOMMATE to matrimony. Need replacement quick, in attractive North Side Chicago apartment, with midwesternized Bostonian female, 25. Box G-859.

LIBRARIAN WANTED for September. Pleasant suburban NY school. School experience not required. Start to $7,000. Maximum to $9,500. Free Registration. Write NOW. City-Suburban Agency, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

COLLEGE SOPHOMORE desires summer governess position, preferably family going Europe. Experienced, excellent references. Box 835, Norton, Massachusetts.

TWO AGGRESSIVE BACHELORS desire European employment. Working conditions primary, money secondary. Box G-838.

WANTED: LIVELIER CAREER by ex-editorial secretary. English, interested theatre, literature, arts, and people. Box G-837.

CHALLENGING POSITION, NYC. Fund raiser for well-established private agency. Initiative, imagination, energy, some experience necessary. Cooperative, hardworking Board. State fully education, experience, age. Box G-834.

TWO HARVARDIANS, thinking men, seek unusual summer positions. Box G-843.

YOUNG COUPLE, TEACHERS. Literate, sarcastic, poor. Would work, would travel this summer. Grant Mitchell, 1768 Ferguson, Schenectady, New York.

RECORDER ENTHUSIASTS and lovers of BAROQUE MUSIC: Attend concert of Amor Musicae in Carnegie Recital Hall, 2:45, Sunday, March 15, featuring Bach's two harpsichord concerto; Telemann's a minor suite; songs by Steffani, etc. Tickets from $1.15 at Box Office now.

BULL FIGHT POSTERS. Large, colorful, exciting action of the Bull Fight. $3.00 Pair. Howard Products, 12207 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 25, California.

EDUCATED ENGLISH GIRL (25) seeks post offering travel Secretarial training. French and German. Box G-846.

MEDICAL STUDENT desires interesting summer employment. Responsible, sociable, sense of humor. Box G-847.

YOUNG WRITER seeks magazine assignments. Advertising, newsletter experience. Box G-848.

COLLEGE COUPLE will render services for trip abroad. G-849.

SAVE ON GRADUATION PORTRAIT in oil. 16" x 20" canvas only $34.00. Studio, Box 861, Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

SINGING LESSONS by successful concert singer. Reasonable. GR 4-5919, NYC.

EDUCATED MALE, 25. B.A. Psychology, journalism, radio, TV and film scriptwriting. M.A. Psychology (teaching experience). Have you an interesting position for me with creative potential starting June 1st? Anywhere. Box G-853.

BUY A DOZEN—split a dozen—Personalized, handmade, ceramic ashtrays. ArKay Studio, 1456 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis 2, Indiana—$5.95 dozen, plus postage. Free Brochure. Write Now.

BOOK-TRADE EXPERT (Englishman) seeks further years' work, N.Y. area. Box G-856.

PH. D., LATIN AMERICAN HISTORY, desires position with foundation, university, or reputable concern. Box G-857.

(Continued on page 44)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 43)

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PUBLISHERS of magazines and books to strengthen top-level direction with a woman of extraordinary talents and 16 years of experience embracing many areas of publishing: Cost control, advertising management, co-ordination of editors, ideas, promotion, and development of editorial themes and content. Skilled in handling publication that reached 75,000 women at highest social and financial level. Top references. Available for position offering excitement, challenge and a five-figure salary. Box G-858.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bookbinding kits for paperbacks. Makes hard-cover volumes in minutes. Six bindings. $1.96. BIND-YOUR-OWN, Box E-877.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamps. Temple, Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

A KING'S EXERCISE on a secretary's budget. LEARN TO FENCE. Absolute beginner, adult and children's courses. ALL EQUIPMENT PROVIDED. LOWEST FEES. MASQUE Fencing School. CIrcle 5-1498 (NYC).

GIRL, GRADUATING PREPARATORY SCHOOL, experienced with children, desires summer job with travel as inducement. Box G-804.

AMBITIOUS TEACHER, 29, with scientific public relations experience, seeks responsible position education, administration, public relations, Boston area. Box G-862.

COLUMBIA LAW STUDENT with Columbia B.A., M.A. (History) seeks summer position travelling to Europe. Will tutor, chauffeur, guide. Widely travelled. Box G-861.

YOUNG TEACHER, Liberal Arts background, seeks interesting position. Box G-871.

UNSCOURED UNDYED RUGJA knitting yarn. Bleeding madras; ARAN sweaters, jackets. Carol Brown, Putney 36, Vt.

MALE, 27, college graduate desires position overseas, travel escort. Box G-798.

FRENCH TUTORING by French college graduate. Conversation, literature. TRafalgar 7-2541, NYC.

MUSIC GUIDE QUARTERLY: Guarantees $25.00 worth music (piano & organ). Popular, semi-classical, classical, sacred. Send $2.00: Music Enterprises, Ten Fiske Place, Mt. Vernon, NY. Moneyback guarantee!

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

SUMMER RENTAL—modernized 17th Century salt box—4 bedrooms, 3 baths—New England village—Summer colony provides beach, yacht and golf clubs $1,500 season. P. W. Yeatman, Little Compton, R. I.

MAGNIFICENT NEW 6 ROOMS, 3 baths, terraces, furnished, private beach on Lago Maggiore, Italy, May 1st or later. Box G-833.

SUMMER HOUSE—Saunderstown, R.I. 6-8 beds; private beach; easy access by car, route 1; train Kingston. By month or season. Box G-851.

CHARMING GUEST HOUSE annual rent start June; living room, small kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bath, closets. Heated. Separate studio optional. Blairstown, N. J. vicinity. Box G-860.

For Sale

COUNTRY HOME—STUDIO. Huge Combination Living Room/Studio with 7 ft. fireplace. 30 ft. North Light window, 3 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, dining room, garage with shed. Refrigerator, new stove, washer, dryer—forced hot air system. 1 secluded acre. $20,000—Owner POrter 2-3983, Wilton, Connecticut.

FOR SALE: Furnished home Maryland mountains three hours from Baltimore, Washington. Three bedrooms. Two baths. Basement recreation work areas. Automatic washer. Garbage disposal. Gas furnace. View. National Emergency Refuge Area. $13,800. Box G-863.

HOUSES WANTED

To Buy

BUY SMALL HOUSE, Greenwich Village area. Minimum 7-rooms. MU 8-2034. NYC.

To Rent

FURNISHED HOUSE, 3 bedrooms, August. Bedford Village, Mt. Kisco vicinity, secluded. Near swimming. ATwater 9-3689 or Box G-864.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT. 4 acres, city water, near schools, pine woods, pond site, privacy, 5 minutes station, 55 minutes New York, asking $11,500. Box G-845.

CAMPS

TENNIS-PROFESSIONAL instruction. Participation in Middle States tournaments. Co-educational, 10-16. Location—Westtown School, 600 acres, lake, pool, 18 courts. Limit—35 campers. Chase Tennis Center, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

LITTLE TIMBER—Unique small co-ed camp featuring individual attention, full camp program. Professional staff. Tuition reasonable. Box G-824.

YOUNG GIRLS AND BOYS thrive at Sky Hollow Farm. Delicious organically grown food. Clean mountain air, swimming, riding, animals to care for. Creative experiences. Small enrollments. Sky Hollow Farm, Rochester, Vermont.

VACATIONS

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

THE GOSNOLD ARMS. New Harbor, Maine. Seventy miles Northeast of Portland. June 30 to September 8.

THINKING OF SUMMER? THE LOG HOUSE, in the Adirondacks, North River, New York.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

ENJOY MIAMI BEACH vacation on informal private estate with theatrical personalities. Three blocks private beach. Selected clientele, reasonable rates. Inquire: John Fallon, 5333 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, IS UNIQUE: Winter sun, dry climate, theaters, concerts, historical interests. WILMOT INN provides swimming pool, beautiful gardens, friendliness. Exceptional food, Marine Dining Room, Patio rooms—European or American plan. 330 S. Wilmot.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Sugaring time! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

STARS FOR STREETLIGHTS, an Island in Time, shores compass'd by the voiceful sea. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Ten miles at sea. Booklet D?

TENNIS, FLORIDA KEYS. 4 Clay courts. Located close to oceanfront apartments, etc. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada. From December 1st to May 1st.

TRAVEL

TURQUOISE TRAIL EXPEDITION for girls 12-16 years of age. Caravan camping at spectacular sites in New Mexico and Utah. Archeological digging. Indian Ceremonials and horseback riding at base camp in Zuni Mountains, 8th year. 22 girls and 5 leaders. Also boys' groups. Hillis L. Howie, 534 Woodleaf Court, St. Louis 22, Missouri.

NEW LOOK IN TRAVEL. Completely new kind of travel, flexible itineraries covering all Europe, educational projects, later return, if desired. Special extension to Scandinavia, Yugoslavia, Near and Middle East. Grand Tour of Central Europe $898 via Air-France from N. Y. Leave West Coast June 14 and 28. For literature write DR. BERG'S EDUCATIONAL TOURS, Saint Mary's College, California.

TRAVEL

ADVENTUROUS? South American Summer Wandertour. Seven countries. 42 days, $983. Dr. Stowell, State College, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE between Bureau travel programs and the usual "conducted tour"? It is a big one, and we shall be proud to tell you about it if you write for information to the BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL, 11-b Boyd Street, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

EUROPEAN TOUR $995. Congenial college graduates, E. Ferero, G. W. University, Washington, D.C. Norma Farago contact Ed Ferero.

ESCORTED EUROPEAN TOURS from 7 days to 32 days. Continent, Spain, Scandinavia, Great Britain. Write for attractive brochures. Frames Tours Ltd. (established 1881) 185 Madison Avenue, New York. Bookings only through Travel Agents.

SERVING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH you'd like to become accustomed. Beekman Tower Hotel —overlooking United Nations and East River— minutes from midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan. Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Pleasant outlook on rates (special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $5.75. Family rates available) too. 49th Street at East River, New York 17, N. Y. Write for folder R.

AMAZING!! EUROPE . . $195! . . That's all it costs for unusual, delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence or Vienna. Full month July or August includes accommodations, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, many other features. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 554 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A MONTANA VACATION gives you everything to do . . . and beauty too. For colorful free booklet write Advertising Director, Dept. 59-11, Montana Highway Commission, Helena, Montana.

TO EUROPE BY FREIGHTER, modern, fast German freighters with comfortable passenger accommodations available. Glaessel Shipping Corporation, 44 Whitehall St., NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

EUROPE, 1959 Summer Tours: 38-60 days in Europe, 11-18 countries. Via ship and air (New Pan-American JETS). Also Special YOUTH TOUR. From $1,045 to $1,375. Write: Prof. L. Knecht, Director, KNIGHT TOURS (S.R.). Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

SUNSHINE TOUR—Teacher forming small interesting group, 16 days Florida leaving March 21st. Box G-872.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

RUSSIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, Poland, Rumania, escorted and individual tours all inclusive from $10 per day. Write for folders. CONSOLIDATED TOURS, INC., 250 West 57th Street, NYC 19, JUdson 6-5230.

IF YOUR TEENAGER is too old for summer camp, too young for work, interested in new experiences, eager for adventure . . . we have the answer. SCOPE —YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1959. Intercultural-Coeducational. Travel with young people of many countries. Brochure available. SCOPE—Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York. OLympia 7-6685.

WORLD CRUISE—8 months private yacht. Sail West June 1 via Panama and Suez. Capt. Paul, 3007 Amelia Drive, Jacksonville 7, Florida.

WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS. Wilderness trips—hiking or riding. Havasu Canyon, John Muir Trail, Fisherman Special in Sierra Nevada, Carmel back country, including seven day loop in Santa Lucias, and Leisure Camp. Moderate prices. Inexperienced people come. Beginning in March. For details: Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

IN FACT, there are several fjords in your future. In addition to our Spring Festival Tour of Scandinavia, we now are announcing our Summer Tour of Scandinavia, all four countries, and the Midnight Sun at the North Cape. Both tours may be combined with extension tours of Russia. Both tours have our extensive meet-the-people program. A number of other programs are now ready: Spain, Portugal and continental Europe; Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Lebanon, Syria and Egypt. Write for a selection. European Traveling Seminar. Arne Sorensen and Karen M. Jorgensen, 2475 Virginia Avenue, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1302

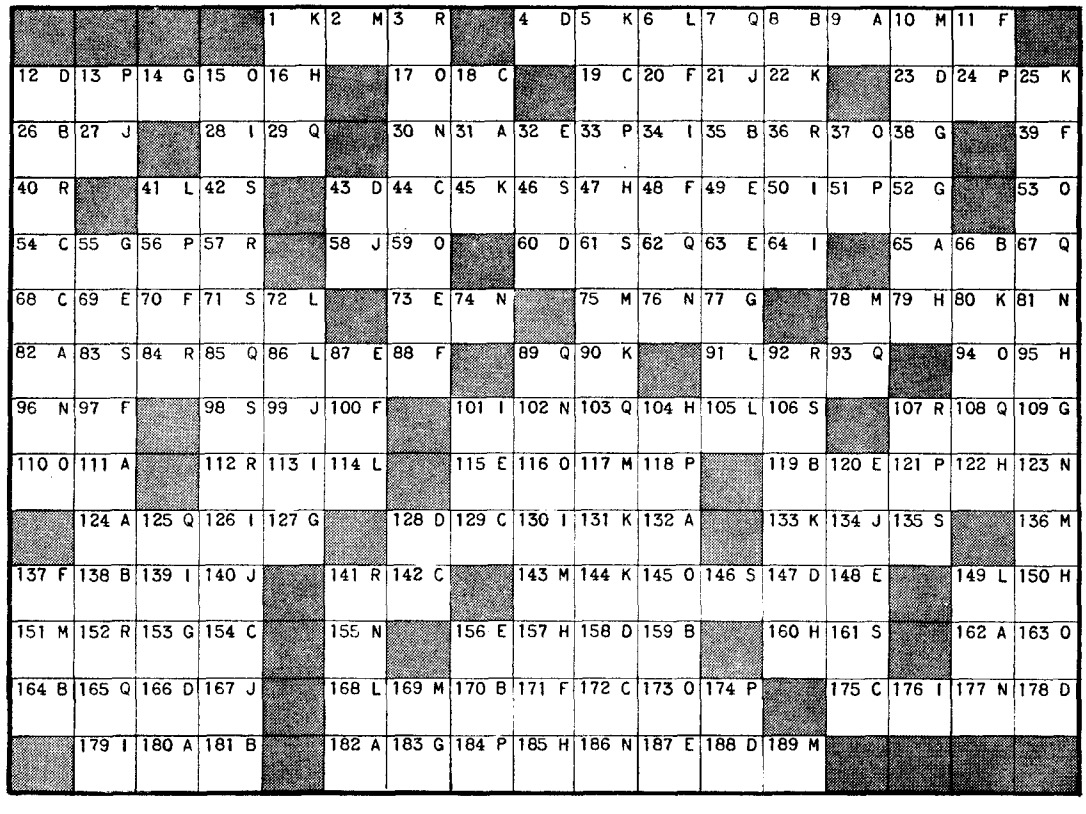
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Existing papal authority (2 wds.).	111 162 9 65 31 124 82 182 132 180
B. Familiarized.	8 35 164 66 170 26 119 159 138 181
C. Whence the successful farmer is said to get his living (3 wds.).	54 18 142 68 19 172 129 175 44 154
D. Mozart's last composition —fittingly enough! (2 wds.).	158 43 60 188 166 147 23 178 128 12 4
E. A feature of women's fashions, 1910 and after (2 wds.).	49 69 120 187 87 63 156 115 73 148 32
F. What I may be obliged to do, figuratively, after making rash, hasty statements (3 wds.).	88 39 97 137 100 171 20 70 11 48
G. The famous English Princes in the Tower, to Edward IV (2 wds.).	38 183 55 52 109 77 14 153 127
H. Pleasing in sound.	16 122 104 95 160 79 47 157 185 150
I. Charting of highways (comp.; not in Webster, though in common use).	34 113 179 176 50 28 101 130 126 64 139
J. Damned, as in Italian opera.	167 27 99 134 140 21 58
K. As soon as an idea strikes one (3 wds.).	133 25 144 1 5 90 22 45 131 80
L. Fit to live in.	91 41 168 149 114 72 86 105 6
M. The English Commons (2 wds.).	151 117 75 143 10 2 136 78 189 169
N. Things consecrated to sacred purposes.	155 30 177 123 81 102 186 76 74 96
O. English for the maxim inscribed on the ancient temple of Apollo at Delphi (2 wds.).	15 116 17 53 94 110 163 145 173 37 59
P. Where the Lord stood, holding a plumb-line, when he talked to Amos (Bible; 3 wds.).	33 13 121 174 51 118 24 56 184
Q. Pertaining to the gaseous envelope of the Earth.	85 89 93 103 29 7 125 62 165 108 67
R. Covered by a fairly thin wash, white or tinted.	84 152 36 40 141 107 92 112 3 57
S. Describing a balloon lying flat on the ground.	61 42 71 83 161 46 98 146 106 135

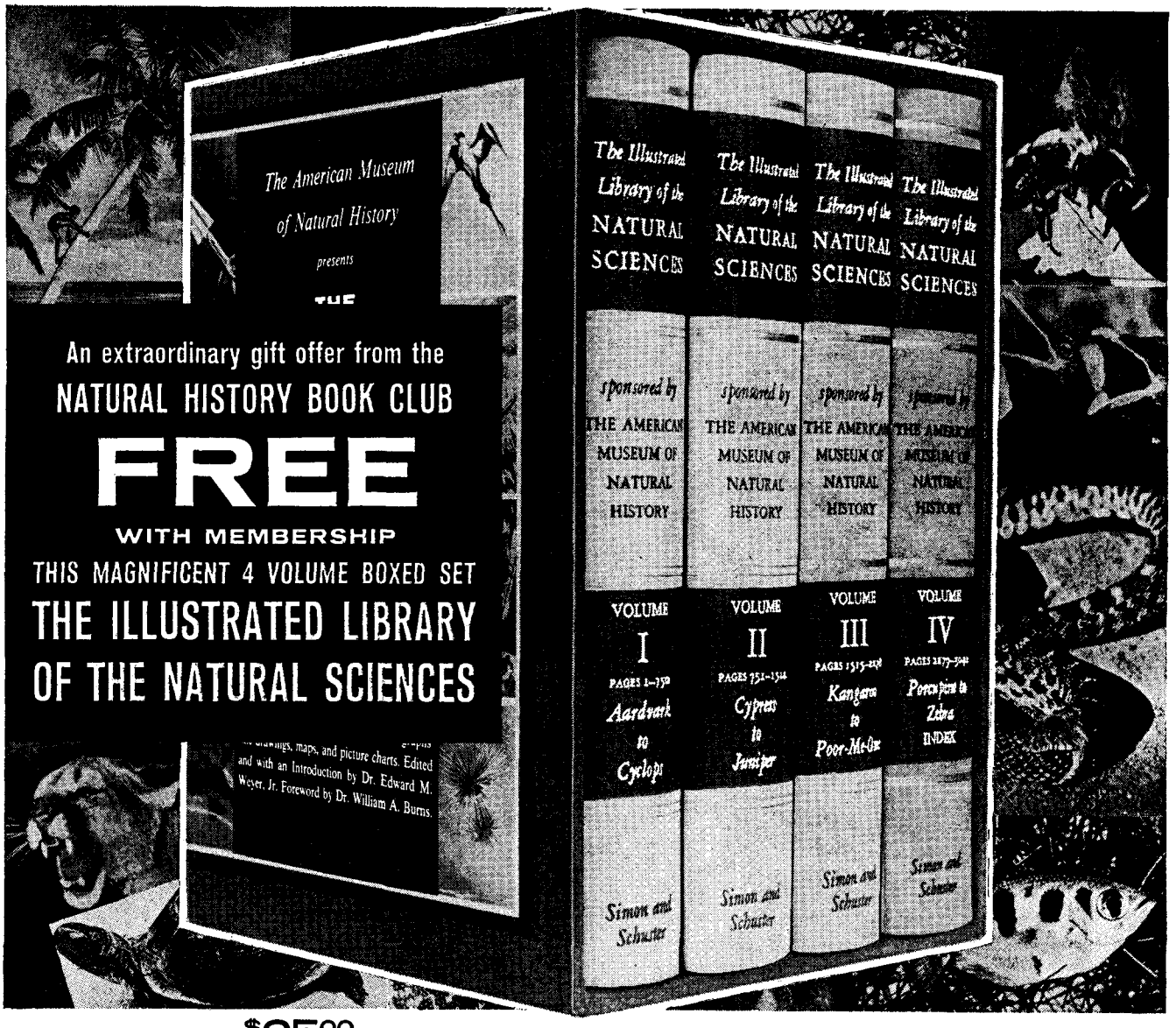
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Published at $25.00

under the sponsorship of
The American Museum of Natural History

- **OVER ONE MILLION WORDS**
- **MORE THAN 3,000 PAGES**
- **OVER 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS**
- **165 DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS**

A breathtaking panorama of knowledge in every area of natural science—from anthropology to zoology, from aardvark to zebra. The famous contributors include Marston Bates, William Beebe, Arthur Clarke, J. Frank Dobie, Willy Ley, Donald Culross Peattie, T. C. Schneierla, Edwin Way Teale, and many others.

While rockets and satellites hurtle into outer space to probe the mysteries of the universe, other mysteries — every bit as fascinating — are yielding their secrets to scientists studying the amazing world of nature. New facts are being discovered almost every day about the origin of our Earth and its composition, the vegetation, insects, fishes, reptiles and mammals that have developed on it, and the growth of man himself from primitive savagery to modern civilization. These are facts more and more thinking people want to know today to understand their own relationship to the world of nature, and to the startling scientific accomplishments of our time.

To help you keep abreast of these developments, the NATURAL HISTORY BOOK CLUB invites you to join now, and accept as a Membership Gift the magnificent four-volume boxed set of THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF NATURAL SCIENCES. Simply choose the volume you want as your first selection from those described below. As a member you need purchase only 3 additional books at reduced Member's Prices during the next 12 months. You will also receive a valuable free bonus book after every fourth purchase — in addition to your Membership Gift of *The Illustrated Library of The Natural Sciences*.

CHOOSE YOUR FIRST SELECTION FROM AMONG THESE SIX IMPORTANT BOOKS

CAN MAN BE MODIFIED? *by Jean Rostand* & **INSIDE THE LIVING CELL,** *by J. A. V. Butler* (dual selection). The basic processes of life and the possibilities of scientific control and alteration, analyzed by two leading authorities. PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.50 *Member's price* **$5.25**

ELEPHANTS, *by Richard Carrington.* The complete story of elephants' evolution, history, anatomy, temperament, mating, reproduction, intelligence and usefulness to man. PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.00 *Member's price* **$3.95**

THE ANATOMY OF NATURE, by *Andreas Feininger.* How function shapes the form and design of animate and inanimate structures throughout the universe. 176 photographs. PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.95 *Member's price* **$4.95**

RIVERS IN THE DESERT, *by Nelson Glueck.* Fascinating archeological history of the Negev desert that reconstructs the vanished civilization of the fourth millennium before Christ. PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.50 *Member's price* **$4.95**

PATTERNS OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR, *by Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach.* A detailed analysis and comparison of the sexual behavior of 90 species of animals, from domestic creatures to the great apes. PUBLISHER'S PRICE $5.00 *Member's price* **$4.25**

THE EARTH AND ITS ATMOSPHERE, *edited by D. R. Bates.* Fifteen distinguished scientists present the latest discoveries in understanding weather, circulation of oceans, meteorology, cosmic rays. PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00 *Member's price* **$4.95**

THE NATURAL HISTORY BOOK CLUB **H-8**
63 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send, as a Membership Gift, THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES, along with my first selection at the reduced Member's Price. My only obligation is to take 3 more selections during the next 12 months; I will receive a free Bonus Book after each fourth purchase.

First Selection_____

Additional Selection Desired_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Am. Mus. Nat. Hist.*

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXXVI • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Forgotten Men of Science

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *COLD COURTING*
- *WET MYSTERY*
- *MORE "MIRACLES"*

IT MAY seem logical that at the South Pole things would run backwards. But the truth is that the Emperor Penguins alone are subject to this apparently obvious rule. The Emperors are the only birds in the Antarctic—indeed, the only birds anywhere on Earth—that go to their breeding grounds in autumn, lay their eggs on the ice and rear their young in the depths of winter. Even their relatives in the Penguin family live the other way around.

The story of the Emperors is so hauntingly told in the February issue of *Natural History* by Jean Rivolier, a French physician-turned-explorer, who lived among and photographed these remarkable birds, that *SR*'s Science Editor entreats his readers to buy or borrow a copy of *Natural History* to enjoy Rivolier's experience vicariously. A glimpse of the touching scenes in this picture story can be seen in the masthead photo above, reproduced here through the courtesy of *Natural History*'s publisher, the American Museum of Natural History on New York's Central Park West.

• • •

ON THE morning of Tuesday, February 17, a rocket fired from Florida's Cape Canaveral carried into orbit 335-to-2059 miles above the Earth a spherical satellite twenty inches in diameter. Inside the sphere, peering through two windows placed oppositely on the surface, were photoelectric cells capable of distinguishing between light and dark. Other instruments connected the "eyes" to a miniature tape recorder, set to register what was seen through the windows. The recorder in turn was attached to a radio broadcasting set powered by mercury batteries. The radio would relay to scientists on the ground below a pattern of light and shade to correspond to the sunbeams reflected from the Earth and from intervening clouds. In time, it is hoped, this and similar satellites will bring about more accurate prediction of the weather. But these predictions will not come tomorrow. Before weathermen can make sense of the satellite's observations, they must first be able to identify and track the bottoms of the clouds whose tops the soaring "eyes" map.

• • •

SR/Research for July 1958 was given over entirely to the need for knowledge about the oceans. Earth, it was pointed out, is a water planet, with more than two-thirds of its surface awash in one great sea. Specific areas for research were delineated, and these have now been confirmed in a report to the National Academy of Sciences by a committee of oceanographers headed by a land lubber, *SR*'s own Harrison Brown, professor of geochemistry at California Institute of Technology.

Extending a tradition begun in medicine and more recently adopted for atmospheric studies, the oceanographers in effect asked Congress to approve research budgets with one-third to one-half the moneys put into five-year grants and with one-fourth to one-half left free for unplanned experiments. Proposals for research get down to such fine questions as the effects of gravity and magnetism on wave action, the properties of sea water and its interaction with Earth's atmosphere; they broaden out to include methods of mining the ocean floor and breeding sea animals for the dinner table. Consummation of the ten-year program for "ocean-wide, ocean-deep" exploration would cost $651,400,000 more than is now being spent on oceanography, and would call for seventy new American research ships, icebreaking submarines, aircraft, signal buoys, floating platforms, and bathyscaphs to carry men seven miles down. Most of all it calls for students who have the intellectual courage to look at the water as a wet mystery and not be swamped by their ignorance.

• • •

READER response to the reports on antibiotic abuses which appeared in *SR*/Research for January and February continues strong. The issue of January 3 has sold out completely, and remaining copies of the issue of February 7 are fast dwindling. Questions of all kinds are still coming in by telephone and mail. The writer of one letter takes me to task, saying: "Why does John Lear pussyfoot it with Dr. Welch? How did Dr. Welch get his job? Why isn't he a medical doctor? Why is he allowed to hold another job, especially one that holds a conflict with his big job of protecting the American citizen against quacks and harmful and useless nostrums? I think a serious investigation should start right in the Division of Antibiotics, with Dr. Welch."

It was certainly not my intention to pussyfoot. My second report on antibiotics called attention to the fact

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STL

Space Technology Laboratories is responsible for the over-all systems engineering, technical direction and related research for the U.S. Air Force Ballistic Missile Programs.

STL also carries out special experimental projects for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Advanced Research Projects Agency.

STL, in support of these and future space vehicle requirements, is engaged in the exploration of new concepts and techniques in electronics, aerodynamics, hypersonics, propulsion, and structures.

STL invites inquiries regarding staff openings.

Space Technology Laboratories, Inc.
P.O. Box 95001
Los Angeles 45, Calif.

A SEARCH FOR MAN'S SANITY

The Selected Letters of TRIGANT BURROW with Biographical Notes

Foreword by Sir Herbert Read

"Burrow's letters are written with clarity and distinction. They reveal, in an extraordinarily moving fashion, the development of a man of dedication, self-awareness, inner strength and genius."
—LOUIS BARRON, *Library Journal*

"Pivotal in the history of modern psychiatry..."—MARVIN K. OPLER, *Int'l Journal of Social Psychiatry*

"Fascinating letters . . . [Burrow] initiated what strikes me as the most significant investigation of the social capacity of man that has yet been attempted in psychology."—D. W. HARDING, Professor of Psychology, Univ. of London, *The Spectator*

640 pages • $8.75

Oxford University Press

that Dr. Henry Welch, director of the Division of Antibiotics of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, is responsible for regulation of licensure and marketing of antibiotics and at the same time is accepting pay for serving as editor-in-chief of *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy,* two journals which derive substantial income from drug advertising and from sale of reprints of articles which drughouses habitually buy in many thousands of copies. I also pointed out that the advertising in these two journals includes ads for combination antibiotics, the use of which is controversial in the medical profession, and that Dr. Welch had thrown the weight of his authority and prestige on one side of the controversy—in favor of the combination drugs. I plainly asked whether Dr. Welch's dual responsibility as public official and as editor of the two journals is not a case of conflict of interest. I expressed the opinion that responsibility for resolution of the question rests not on Dr. Welch's shoulders alone but must be shared by the Food and Drug Administration and by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. I suggested that the question was a proper one to be covered by U. S. Senator Jacob Javits's proposed code to define conflicts of interest wherever they occur.

ACCORDING to *Advertising Age,* one of the few papers in the country which have publicly considered the questions raised in these columns about Dr. Welch's two jobs, "the possible conflict of interest resulting from Dr. Welch's connection with two commercially-owned professional journals in the field where he passes on safety and quality has been brought to the attention of Health-Education-Welfare Secretary Arthur Flemming" and "'the matter is being given the most serious consideration'." No direct confirmation of this has come to the office of the *Saturday Review.* Nor has Senator Javits indicated his intentions. But Senator Warren G. Magnuson, of Washington state, tells me he not only has asked Federal Trade Commission chairman John W. Gwynne to testify on antibiotic merchandising and advertising at hearings before the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Independent Offices, but has "a few questions" ready for F&DA officials when they appear before the Labor, Health, Education and Welfare Subcommittee.

Interested Senators will find themselves in a field that widens with every new question. Take, for example, what was written here about the dangers of penicillin in milk. In a speech to New York dairymen on February 19, F&DA Commissioner George Larrick confirmed that after several years of trying to "educate" farmers to withhold milk from market during a safety period following antibiotic treatment of sick cows, penicillin is still being found in more than three marketed milk samples out of a hundred tested by F&DA.

WHAT does F&DA intend to do about this? Commissioner Larrick wasn't specific. But Deputy Commissioner Harvey told me, in response to a query, that one solution could be to "require a veterinarian's prescription for any penicillin product to be used in the treatment" of cows. In other words, farmers now are allowed to treat their own cattle without a doctor's advice. They can buy this powerful drug without prescription as long as they ask the local druggist for "veterinary penicillin." State veterinary inspection officials advise me that the prefix "veterinary" added to the name of any antibiotic is enough to assure a purchase without prescription. How is the druggist to know if the buyer is a farmer or the owner of an animal? Or if the antibiotic is to be used on an animal or a person?

And what protection has the ordinary patient against being turned into an involuntary guinea pig for the testing of new antibiotics? The established medical code insists that no experiment may be conducted except with the consent of the experimental subject. Consent is meaningful only if the risks are fully explained in advance. The current importance of scrupulous observance of the code was emphasized as recently as January 1959 in a review of the subject published in the American Medical Association Journal by Dr. Henry K. Beecher, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, under the aegis of the AMA's Council on Drugs and its Committee on Research. Yet it is the practice of some doctors, under the sales pressure of the drug houses, to dispense samples of new "wonder drugs" at the expense of the drug makers and then to report "results" of the treatment to the drug houses, whose hired writers compose "research papers" to be signed by the physicians who hand out the samples. Most patients who get the samples don't get the full explanation the experimental code calls for. Where an explanation is given it usually is veiled in such involved technicalities that for all practical purposes the patient has to rely on the doctor's sincerity in handing out the sample.

In the hands of men familiar through training with the dangers in-

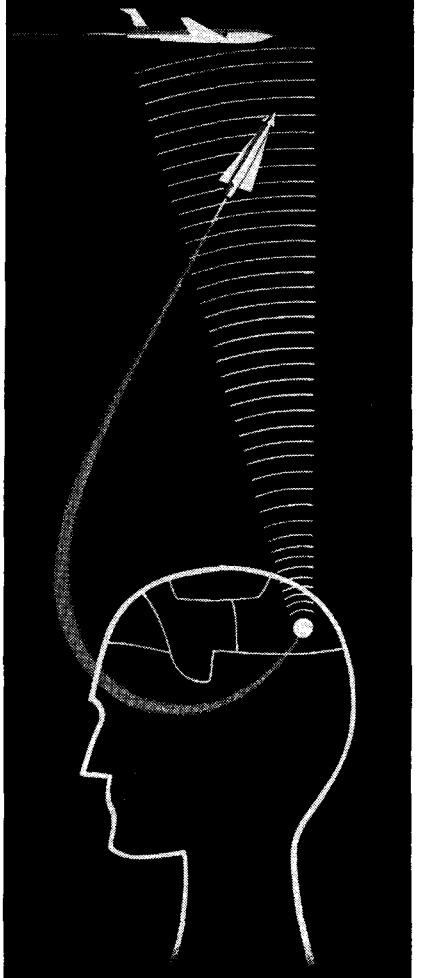
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volved, the practice of "sampling" is not only acceptable but desirable. In fact, it is the medical profession's traditional method of evaluating all new therapies. The problem today is that new drugs are being pushed onto the market in such numbers at such speed that there aren't enough experienced men to check them thoroughly. As a consequence, instead of following their former practice of relying on researchers associated with medical schools (these men, incidentally, write their own reports and put in all the necessary qualifications), the drug houses have become progressively less discriminating and are giving samples to more and more doctors; as the number rises, the probability grows that some of the participating doctors may not have proper facilities for controlled experiments or even for accurate observation of patients who walk out of the office with the drugs.

THE reports of many of these physicians never progress beyond what are known to science as "personal communications." "Personal communications" have no more standing in the eyes of a careful researcher than does a personal letter. Everything depends on who writes the letter. Nevertheless, "personal communications" are being cited more and more often in advertisements for new drugs. One example is the ad containing the "name cards" of eight nonexistent physicians, which was reproduced in SR/Research for January. It has been contended that doctors who received this ad through the mail knew that it was not the practice of physicians to allow use of their names except in research papers published by medical journals. Therefore the phony name cards were not misleading. It has been said that what doctors who read the ad would really look for was the list of medical references. Well, six references were listed on the ad. Four were reports from medical publications—the publications edited by Dr. Welch. The other two references were "personal communications," which is to say, letters from doctors. What happens, then, to the claim that doctors in communicating with each other don't allow use of their names outside medical publications? It plainly isn't so. Another advertising brochure circulated at the last annual meeting of the AMA contained forty-six references, of which thirty-four were "personal communications." Patients are thus unwittingly being exploited as vehicles of the drug trade rather than as subjects of the loving care they trust their doctors to bestow.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

From Bell
Telephone Laboratories...



Brainpower
for the brawny
Nike-Hercules

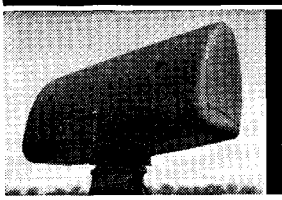
The Army's newest surface-to-air guided missile — the lethal Nike-Hercules — is now operational. No unfriendly plane will be able to fly sufficiently high, fast or evasively to escape a fatal rendezvous with it.

For Hercules has a "brain"—an intellect that makes it a prodigy among today's electronic robots. Bell Telephone Laboratories developed it. Western Electric (prime contractor for the entire missile system) is producing it. Douglas Aircraft Company is giving it its body.

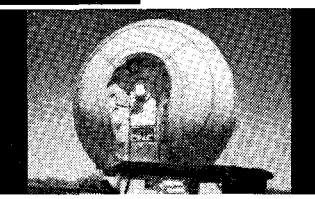
This "brain" is a fully-integrated guidance system, almost entirely land-based. Only the vital signal-receiving apparatus is expendable within the missile itself. Other highly practical features: it defies "jamming," is completely mobile, is designed in separate "building block" units which are replaceable in seconds — and is deadly accurate in its operation.

Bell Labs scientists and engineers designed the world's largest and most intricate telephone network for the Bell System. They developed about half of the Armed Forces' radar equipment during World War II. And they pioneered the nation's *first* successful air defense guided missile system — Nike-Ajax.

They were eminently qualified to give Nike-Hercules the brainpower it had to have.



Vigilant acquisition radar for Nike-Hercules first detects approach of distant aircraft, pinpoints its location and instantly signals to battery control.



Two tracking-radar antennas, housed in radomes, take over. One feeds target azimuth, elevation, range data to computers; other tracks Hercules.

Two sets of radar data are electronically computed and plotted. Hercules is "steered" by radio signals, then detonated at precise point of interception.

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES
World center of communications research and development

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Fabian Bachrach.
George Sarton.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"To show the growth of the human spirit in its natural background" was George Sarton's lofty purpose in writing his* History of Science. *Of the eight or nine volumes he contemplated, only two were finished when he died on 22 March 1956. In the second of these books, now about to be published by Harvard University Press, he experimented for the first time with flashbacks and forward glances to fortify in the minds of readers his own deep conviction "that Euclid, Herophiles, and Archimedes were as heroic and necessary to our happiness as Theocritus and Virgil." "The whole past and the whole world are alive in my heart," he wrote in the Preface, "and I shall do my best to communicate their presence . . . A deed happens at a definite place at a definite time, but if it be sufficiently great and pregnant, its virtue radiates everywhere in time and space. We ourselves are living here and now, but if we are generous enough, we can stretch our souls everywhere and everywhen else. If we succeed in doing so, we shall discover that our present embraces the past and the future and that the whole world is our province. All men are our brothers."* SR's *Science Editor, himself a preacher of Sarton's faith that "one could not live reasonably without science nor gracefully without arts and letters," here acknowledges his debt to Harvard University Press for the privilege of choosing and editing the following excerpts in advance of publication of the second volume of the* History of Science *in such a way as to light Sarton's last manuscript from an angle Sarton far more than most people appreciated—the popularly unrecognized but inevitable involvement of men of letters with the scientific influence of their times, whether modern or remote.*

FORGOTTEN MEN OF SCIENCE

Caesar · Cato · Cicero · Lucretius · Varro · Virgil

By GEORGE SARTON

THE GIGANTIC personalities of Alexander the Great and Aristotle stood at the threshold of a new age—an age of unrest, wars, and rebellions, but also an age of scientific and artistic creation. Alexander died in 323 at the age of thirty-three; the older man, Aristotle, was permitted to live longer and died in the following year at sixty-two. The three centuries that followed their death and preceded the birth of Christianity was a period of renaissance out of the ashes of pure Hellenism. During the first of those three centuries the main center was Alexandria; during the last two the leadership was shared by Alexandria with Pergamon, Rhodos, Antioch, and other Greek cities, and more and more as the years went by with Rome.

The Hellenistic world was international to a degree, polyglot and inspired by many religious faiths. The outstanding language was Greek, but the importance of Latin increased gradually with the success of Roman arms. Under Greek tutelage a fantastic mixture was allowed to brew, involving, in the first place, Hellenic and Roman materials, but also Egyptian, Jewish, Persian, Syrian, Anatolian ingredients, and dashes of many other kinds—Asiatic, Indian, African. During those three centuries, geometry, astronomy, anatomy, and grammar were established for ever; technology and medicine blossomed out. The creative work might be done in many places of Western Asia, Northern Africa, or Europe, but the leaven was always Greek.

In ancient times, there was no public education, except that of the forum, the theater, and the street, and the general degree of illiteracy was very high. In arts and letters these shortcomings might be minimized by natural gifts. The number of people who could appreciate the beauty of a statue or enjoy a play was certainly far greater than the number who could take any interest in a geometry proposition, in a planetary theory, or even in a medical system. There were men of science, but we can hardly speak of a scientific culture. In a sense, this is still true today; the real pioneers are so far ahead of the crowd (even a very literate crowd) that they remain almost alone.

Nevertheless, even if ancient men of science were few and lonely, we should bear in mind that the Hellenic people produced a relatively large share of them. Its scientific potential, we might say, was exceptionally high. The humanities commonly associated with classical Greece are inseparable from human creations; they exist in everything to which men have imparted their virtues or vices, their joys or sufferings. There are blood and tears in geometry as well as in art, blood and tears but also innumerable joys, the purest that men can experience themselves or share with others.

*

A MUSEUM is a temple of the Muses, who were the daughters of Zeus and Mnēmosyne (memory!), and the patron goddess of the humanities. There were nine of them: Cleiō, muse of history; Euterpē, muse of lyric poetry; Thaleia, muse of comedy and joyful poetry; Melpomenē, muse of tragedy; Terpsichore, muse of the dance and music;

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Bettmann Archives.*

The Muse Urania.

Eratō, muse of erotic poetry; Polymnia, muse of hymns; Urania, muse of astronomy; Calliopē, muse of epic poetry. A good deal of mythology is stupid and dull, but these gracious inventions are extremely pleasing and help us to understand and to love the Greek genius. Note that seven of the muses were patrons of literature, chiefly poetry in all its forms, one of history, and one other (this is very curious) of astronomy. Thus, this earliest council of the humanities made room for at least one branch of science.

Temples to all the Muses or any of them existed in many parts of Greece; but all were dwarfed by one. The Museum of Alexandria was so famous that its name became a common name in every Western language. Yet we know very little of its organization. This is what Strabōn wrote about it:

"The Museum is also a part of the royal palaces; it has a public walk, an Exedra (shaded open-air portico) with seats, and a large house, in which is the common mess-hall of the men of learning who share the Museum. This group of men not only hold property in common, but also have a priest in charge of the Museum, who formerly was appointed by the kings."

Such a description is meager enough, yet it gives some information. In short, the Museum was a group of buildings equipped for various scientific purposes; the members lived together like the fellows or tutors in a medieval college. It was probably more like a scientific research institute; there is no evidence that it was used for teaching purposes, or, to put it otherwise, the teaching was restricted to the very best kind, the kind that is given informally by a teacher to his apprentices and assistants. The Museum must have included astronomical instruments, and the room or building housing them might then be called an observatory; it included also a library, a room for anatomical dissection, for physiological experiments, and around it were botanical and zoölogical gardens. There were no examinations, no degrees, no credits. The main reward was the consciousness of good work well done, and the main punishment (save expulsion from that paradise) was the consciousness of bad work badly done.

The Museum was founded by the king, Ptolemaios Sōtēr, but it was developed mainly by his son and successor, Ptolemaios II Philadelphos. Without two other men the two kings would have been helpless. These men were, in order of seniority, Dēmetrios of Phaleron and Stratōn of Lampsacos. Both were successors of Aristotle.

Stratōn, said Diogenēs Laërtios, "was generally known as 'the physicist' because more than any one else he devoted himself to the most careful study of nature." We must stop to consider this, for it was Stratōn who gave to the Museum its scientific tone. Diogenēs ended his biography of him with the words: "Stratōn excelled in every branch of learning, and most of all in that which is styled 'physics,' a branch of philosophy more ancient and important than the others." Stratōn must have realized that, however noble our metaphysical cogitations might be, they could lead to no safe harbor; the only road to intellectual progress was science.

Stratōn's physics was but the continuation of the more scientific part of Aristotle's. He tried to establish the science on a positive basis and to rid it of a vain search for final causes; as far as can be judged from fragmentary data, he tried to combine idealism with empiricism in the best Aristotelian vein, to encourage induction from experience, not deduction from metaphysical postulates. Stratonian physics was an adaptation of Aristotelian physics to more detailed knowledge and practical needs; it could not be fertile because the experimental basis was insufficient.

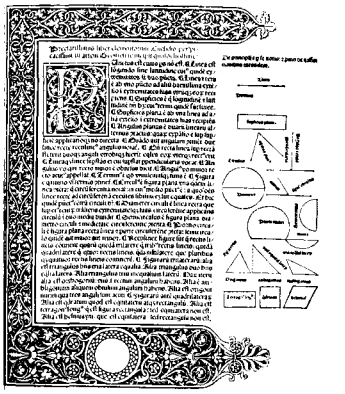
The Museum's influence upon the progress of science was considerable. The fellows of the Museum were permitted to undertake and to continue their investigations in complete freedom. Great scientists and scholars were free to conduct their inquiries as they thought best and the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Alexandria enabled them to take advantage of all the work done before them, not only by Greeks but also by Egyptians and Babylonians. As far as can be known, collective research was now organized for the first time, and it was organized without political or religious directives, without purpose other than the search for truth. Because of the enlightened patronage which enabled the Museum thus to function without

—*Harvard Press.*

Aphrodite.

TWO LIKENESSES of Aphrodite reached a climax of popularity in Hellenistic days; one was the "Aphrodite of Cnidos," sculptured by Praxiteles (370-330) and the other the "Aphrodite of Cos," painted by Apelles (c. 332). It will tickle medical historians to realize that each one of these two goddesses was connected with one of the rival medical schools of Greece; it is said that the statue and painting were both made from the same model, Phryne.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST, as well as one of the greatest, men of science connected with the new metropolis, Alexandria, was Euclid. We all know his name and his main work, the *Elements of geometry,* but we have no certain knowledge about himself. The very places and dates of Euclid's birth and death are unknown. We call him Euclid of Alexandria because that city is the only one with which he can be almost certainly connected. Was he connected with the Museum? Not officially. Otherwise, the fact would have been recorded, but if he flourished in Alexandria, he was necessarily acquainted with the Museum and its Library, which were the very heart of intellectual life in all its forms.



—*Harvard Press.*

Euclid's first edition.

When judging Euclid, we should avoid two opposite mistakes, which have been made repeatedly. The first is to speak of him as if he were the originator, the father, of geometry. If we take Egyptian and Babylonian efforts into account, as we should, Euclid's *Elements* is the climax of more than a thousand years of cogitations. The opposite mistake is to consider Euclid as a "textbook maker" who invented nothing and simply put together in better order the discoveries of other people. He created a monument that is as marvelous in its symmetry, inner beauty, and clearness as the Parthenōn, but incomparably more complex and more durable. Think of it! Twenty-two centuries of changes, wars, revolutions, catastrophes of every kind, yet it still is profitable to study geometry in Euclid. —from *History of Science.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hindrance, the third century witnessed an astounding renaissance.

*

THE MUSEUM was the center of scientific research; the Library attached to it was the memory of the scientific departments of the Museum. The physicians needed the works of Hippocratēs and other predecessors; the astronomers needed the records of early observations and theories. In the case of the humanities the library did not simply provide information, it contained the very masterpieces. The anatomist might find books in the library, but not bodies; the astronomer might find books, but not the stars nor the glory of heaven. On the other hand, if the humanist wanted to read the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey,* the songs of Anacreō or the odes of Simōnidēs, those very treasures would be available to him in the Library and perhaps nowhere else. The Library was the very heart of the humanities.

The Library of Alexandria was really a new start, as much as was the Museum. And we are fully aware, as far as the Greek world is concerned, that many books were published, sold, collected, criticized, at least from the fifth century on. But now for the first time a large number of scholars were assigned to library service, which was enormously more complex and difficult than that of modern librarians. To keep printed books in good order is relatively easy, for each of those books is a definite and recognizable unit. The Alexandrian librarians had to struggle with an enormous number of papyrus rolls, each of which had to be identified first, then classified, catalogued, edited. The majority of the texts represented in the rolls were not standardized in any way, and their clear definition would remain almost impossible as long as they had not been thoroughly investigated. To put it otherwise, the librarians of Alexandria were not simply custodians and cataloguers like those of today; they had to be, and were, full-fledged philologists.

The Library was very large, but it is impossible to know how many rolls it included. The numbers mentioned by various authors vary from 100,000 papyrus rolls to 700,000. The pride of a great library is not so much its books, however, as the distinguished scholars who are studying them, for without the latter the former are worthless. So let us speak of the few scholars who are named as directors of the Library or as scientific investigators charged with the organization of its contents.

Zēnodotos of Ephesos was the first head of the Library. He produced the first revision of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Callimachos of Cyrēnē succeeded Zēnodotos. He compiled a catalogue of the outstanding works in the whole of Greek culture and of their authors. Apollonios of Rhodos succeeded his teacher Callimachos as librarian but did not keep the office very long. He was primarily a poet and is immortalized by his epic of the *Argonauts*.

Eratosthenēs of Cyrēnē, the fourth librarian, was one of the greatest men of science of antiquity. He was a mathematician, an astronomer, and a geographer. He received two nicknames that are significant with regard both to himself and to his time. He was called *bēta* and *pentathlos*. The first means number two or second-rate; the second name was given to athletes who had distinguished themselves in the five games, and metaphorically to men who tried their hand at everything (Jacks-of-all trades). From the social point of view these names are witnesses to the growing specialism of the Hellenistic age. The first nickname, *bēta,* shows that the scientists and scholars of that age were already very jealous of one another and all too ready to deflate those whose superiority they misunderstood and resented. Eratosthenēs might be second-rate in many endeavors, but he was absolutely first-rate in geodesy and geography; he was indeed the earliest outstanding geographer and is to this day one of the greatest geographers of all ages. This his critics could not even guess, and therefore they poohpoohed him.

In order to understand Eratosthenēs's contributions, a flashback to earlier geographic endeavors is necessary. The spherical shape of the Earth had been recognized by the early Pythagoreans and had remained a Pythagorean tenet, but it does not follow that all the geographers accepted it. For many of them, travelers and writers of itineraries, it was of no practical importance. It became crucial, however, as soon as attempts were made to draw a world map. One of Eratosthenēs's main achievements was precisely to measure the Earth. His method consisted in measuring the distance between two places, then sighting the Sun to obtain a base for triangulation. It was not the first estimate; according to Aristotle the circumference of the Earth amounted to 400,000 stadia; according to Archimēdēs, 300,000 stadia; according to Eratosthenēs, 252,000 stadia. The last result (39,690 kilometers), was almost unbelievably close to the real value (40,120 km). That was a great mathematical achievement.

It is very curious that Eratosthenēs, primarily a man of science, was the first man to be called a *philologos*. Of course he was not by any means the first to deserve that name. Why was it given first to him, who was essentially something else? It is as if Newton were called the theologian, or Ingres the violinist.

Eratosthenēs studied Homer as did every educated Greek. Homer, we should remember, was honored by them almost like a superhuman being. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were read in the same spirit as the people of other nations read their sacred books. Criticism of these writings was

The Science of Grammar

CRATĒS OF MALLOS is said to have composed the first Greek grammar. This statement should be taken with caution. The analysis of a language is like the analysis of the human body: it is impossible to say who began either, and it is difficult to say when it is completed. Grammar, like anatomy, was invented not at one time with a single effort, but again and again in many instalments. Cratēs's achievement was certainly a great one, but we cannot measure it exactly because his grammar is lost. The earliest grammar that has come down to us was composed by Dionysios Thrax, who was born c. 166 and flourished in Alexandria and in Rhodos. His grammar was the prototype of all later grammars, not only Greek but also Latin and Armenian and indirectly of the other Indo-European languages.

Men of science should not think that this was a mean achievement. Dionysios Thrax accomplished a scientific task of considerable importance and merit. The discovery of the logical structure of language was as much a scientific achievement as the discovery of the anatomical structure of the body.

It should be noted also that scientific investigation introduces new thoughts which must be adequately expressed. A scientist must know exactly the peculiarities and limitations of his tools, and language is one of them. Grammatical work was thus an essential step in the development of science.

Euclid, Cratēs, Hipparchos, Dionysios Thrax were children of the same environment. Their curiosities were differently oriented, but they performed similar tasks.

—from *History of Science.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost as shocking to the Greeks as criticism of the Qur'ān would be to Muslims. It would seem that Eratosthenēs was particularly interested in Homeric geography. Therefore, to many ancients, he was primarily the critic of Homer.

Aristophanēs of Byzantion, who succeeded Eratosthenēs as director of the Library of Alexandria, was primarily a grammarian and lexicographer and perhaps the greatest philologist of classical antiquity. His greatest contribution to grammar was the invention or systematization of punctuation. We are so used to reading texts which are fully punctuated that we take punctuation for granted, as we take the whole of grammar or writing itself. But Aristophanēs was so much ahead of his time that his grammatical reforms were not generally adopted before the middle of the sixteenth century.

Aristarchos of Samothracē, the next librarian of importance, as well as the last one whose name has been transmitted to posterity, was one of the first to recognize eight parts of speech—noun (and adjective), verb, participle, pronoun, article, adverb, preposition, and conjunction.

From Zēnodotos to Aristarchos a startling though natural coincidence took place. Anatomy and grammar, that is, the analysis of the body and that of language, developed at the same time. It is equally difficult, or impossible, to explain the genesis of human bodies, and of human language. It is marvelous that all of the intricate beauties of the Greek language, a very complex grammar as well as a rich and well-integrated vocabulary, were created to a large extent unconsciously. The main creators of Greek literature did not know grammar, but the Alexandrian philologists extracted grammar from their writings even as they extracted anatomy from their bodies.

*

TWO Greek astronomers, Aristyllos and Timocharis, are said by Ptolemy to have made astronomic observations before Hipparchos. They worked at the beginning of the third century (c. 295-283) in Alexandria; their observatory (if that is not too pretentious a term) was probably a part of the Museum. A far greater man was their contemporary, Aristarchos of Samos, whose connection either with them or with Alexandria cannot be established. Aristarchos wrote a treatise *On the sizes and distances of the Sun and Moon* which has come down to us in its integrity. It is unfortunately based upon wrong data. Aristarchos's numerical results were very poor, but he was the first to measure those relative sizes and distances and that was an immense achievement. It is as if puny man had reached those two luminaries of the day and the night.

Yet, however important we consider that treatise to be, it is less important than another work by Aristarchos which remained unwritten or, if it was written, was soon lost. We know it only through his younger contemporary Archimedes. A sensitive person cannot read it without emotion when he remembers that it was written before 216 B.C. To say it in plain words, Aristarchos of Samos put the center of the universe in the Sun (instead of the Earth) and assumed the daily rotation of the Earth around its own axis and the yearly rotation of the Earth around the Sun. All the planets circle around the Sun except the Moon, which alone circles around the Earth.

Aristarchos had conceived what we call the Copernican universe, eighteen centuries before Copernicus. His hypothesis was not entirely new. An older contemporary of his, Heracleides of Pontos, had postulated the daily rotation of the Earth, and claimed that the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury, rotate around the Sun and that the Sun, Moon, and other planets rotate around the Earth.

Seleucos, who lived about a century after Aristarchos, was even more affirmative about Aristarchos's theory than was Aristarchos himself. The latter had introduced that theory only as a hypothesis, but Seleucos declared it to be true.

Seleucos, however, had a younger contemporary, Hipparchos, who was resolved "to save the phenomena," that is, to account as exactly as possible for the accumulated astronomical observations with a minimum of hypotheses. He rejected the heliocentric theory. We should not blame Hipparchos for that but rather praise him, because the Aristarchian theory of c. 280 did not explain the realities. The actual movements of the Sun, planets, and Moon could not be explained in Aristarchian terms because Pythagorean prejudices required celestial movements to be circular; these prejudices were set aside only in 1609 by Johann Kepler's discovery that planets orbit not in circles but in ellipses.

Hipparchos's earliest work (the only one extant) is a favorable commentary on the *Phainomena* of Aratos, a Greek poem describing the constellations. How could that happen? As a pure astronomer, Hipparchos was isolated from the people around him and yet he craved for sympathy. He must share the religion of his neighbors and the astral religion was then the highest, the purest religion. He accepted it and astrology came with it. While pure astrology was innocent and innocuous, astrological predictions could be used (and were used) in the same way as black magic.

There is much discussion nowadays concerning "science and society," meaning the impact of society upon science and the opposite impact of science upon society. The latter is of necessity very slow, because men of science are rare and seldom powerful, but the former is immediate and overwhelming. The "case of Hipparchos" is the best example of that; this great astronomer of classical antiquity (like his famous successor of later times, Ptolemy) was so completely overweighed, overturned, and defeated by his environment that, instead of attacking astrology, he proceeded to give scientific arms to it.

After Hipparchos had given astrology a certificate of scientific respectability, its success was almost complete. In Rome and the ever-extending Roman world, astrology had to be repressed because it was abused by charlatans and other rascals. I say all honor to the relatively few men, such as Cicero, who interpreted

∞

The Infinite Horizon • The velocity of research and development in advanced electronics at Litton Industries is continually expanding and extending knowledge. Litton engineers and scientists are most active in such related fields as Inertial Guidance and Control, Airborne Digital Computer and Data Processing Systems, Radar and Countermeasures, Airborne Tactical Data Handling and Display Systems, and Space Research.

Inquiries regarding staff openings may be directed to Mr. C. T. Petrie, 336 North Foothill Road, Beverly Hills, California.

LITTON INDUSTRIES, INC.
Electronic Equipments Division

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Bettmann Archives.

Cicero.

Greece to the Romans and had the insight and courage to resist the astrological avalanche.

Hipparchos was the greatest astronomer, Cicero a layman. It is interesting to note that in this case the layman was right and the "specialist" wrong; such a case is not unique in the history of science. Cicero was not a man of science in the technical sense, yet he helped powerfully to salvage the Greek heritage of science and wisdom. To the many detractors who lament his lack of originality one might say that his struggle against superstitions was a departure as original as it was healthy. He was a defender of reason in the face of growing irrationalism. On that ground alone he deserves the attention of historians of science and the gratitude of every lover of freedom.

*

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS is the best, if not the only, example of an author who is known by a single composition. He spent the best part of his life preparing, and at least the last ten years writing, a single poem, *De rerum natura,* which was still unfinished at the time of his death. About himself we know next to nothing, but his poem has come down to us in its integrity and is recognized as one of the greatest in world literature. *De rerum natura* is not only an important poem but a very long one; it is of the same order of magnitude as the Western epics, but (and this is its outstanding and almost unbelievable characteristic) it is an epic of scientific philosophy, an epic not of deeds but of thoughts.

After an invocation to Venus, goddess of creation, Lucretius expresses his main purpose. He wishes to reveal "the nature of things," their genesis, evolution, and dissolution, and to explain the universe in physical terms. This implies a rejection of the religious or mythological accounts. There are thus two sides to his purpose—the defense of science and the attack on superstitions. Religion has been the origin of many crimes. The fundamental principle is the permanence of matter; nothing can come out of nothing; on the other hand, nothing can vanish. Matter exists in the form of particles separated from one another by empty space. Neither the particles nor the vacuum can be seen, yet they exist. There is naught else. Time is subjective. The particles are solid, indestructible, indivisible (*atomos*). The vacuum is boundless, the universe is infinite, the atoms are innumerable. As the universe is infinite, it can have no center. There is a plurality of worlds in the infinite universe, and each world passes through various phases: birth, growth, decrepitude, and death.

Mind and soul are parts of the body, they are very closely united, and their substance is material. The soul is subject to death as well as the body. Is it not subject to disease and to healing? If so, it is mortal. The body's agony is also the soul's. Body and soul cannot exist except together; they die together and death is not a cause of suffering but a deliverance. Fear of death is utterly foolish.

Lucretius not only stated the theory of heredity but expressed ideas which might be called the essence of Mendelism and of organic evolution, first of the plants, then of the animals, finally of man.

Lucretius's poem, it must be admitted, is very dry and hard to read in any language. The general dryness is relieved by lofty invocations, many concrete examples, and a few lyrical outbursts. It is not so much a didactic poem as a philosophic scientific one enlivened with poetic intermezzi. It is a poetic vision of the universe unique in literature.

—Bettmann Archives.

Lucretius.

*

VIRGIL was not simply a great poet but the leading naturalist of his time. As far as we can judge from the writings that have come to us, his literary activity did not begin in earnest until he was in his late twenties. His earliest works were the *Bucolica* and the *Georgica.* The *Georgica* includes almost the whole of his knowledge on natural history.

The main purpose of the *Georgica* was a defense of husbandry which was being more and more neglected by the landowners, old and new (the new ones were the war veterans to whom pieces of land had been granted). There was an urgent need of good husbandry; farmers were discouraged by the miseries of wars, the attraction of cities, and the huge importation of cereals from Egypt and Africa. And yet the power of Rome was based upon the cultivated land.

—Bettmann Archives.

Virgil.

The documentation was as thorough as that needed for a scientific treatise. Virgil had studied all the books available in Greek and Latin, too many to be listed here. His main source, however, was the experience he had obtained in his father's estate and in the company of other farmers; he was an excellent observer.

The *Georgica* is divided into four books of almost equal length: I, agriculture in general; II, trees, especially vines and olives; III, stock farming; IV. beekeeping. It has the authority of a scientific treatise, yet was calculated to delight poetical minds and musical ears.

*

CATO THE CENSOR was the founder of Latin prose. He knew what he had to say and said it strongly and clearly; in particular cases this brought him near to greatness. All of his books (they included a history of Rome) were written not to please the Romans but to persuade and to instruct them. He hated every form of sophistication and luxury and was therefore a constant adversary of everything Greek. He was tough, hard, cruel, narrow-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minded, mean-souled, bigoted, yet he was the first educator of his people and the greatness of Rome was due in a good measure to his stubborn single-mindedness.

The only work of his that has survived in its integrity is one which he wrote in his old age, entitled *De agri cultura*. The composition of that book was his last duty to Rome; for he felt that good farming was the necessary basis for a sound republic. When Roman gentlemen who owned estates and tried to operate them opened this book, they knew from the first lines that the author was not a man of letters but a real farmer, a "dirt farmer," who knew his business, was not sentimental about it, would not allow other people to fool him, and in his turn would not try to fool his readers with pretty words.

Cato's misunderstanding of science made it impossible for him to appreciate the best and most durable part of Greek culture. He could see science only where it was of necessity rudimentary. This is reflected in his own publication of the earliest recipe for ordinary mortar and the earliest description of a *bain-marie*, or double boiler. This last is not simply a piece of scientific apparatus; it has become a common kitchen tool.

—*Bettmann Archives.*

Cato the Censor.

*

MARCUS TERENTIUS VARRO (116-27 B.C.) devoted the greatest number of his years to public affairs, which meant politics and war. He began his real life at a time when most people end theirs and his fame is almost exclusively based upon the work done between the ages of 73 and 90. His literary activity was immense and most of it, certainly the best of it, was accomplished in his old age. Quintilian called him, justly, "the most learned of the Romans." His *Disciplinae*, an encyclopedia, was one of the earliest works of its kind.

In *De re rustica*, one of Varro's two extant works, a treatise on husbandry like Cato's, but in a very different tone, this remarkable sentence occurs:

"Precautions must also be taken in the neighbourhood of swamps, both for the reasons given, and because there are bred certain minute creatures which cannot be seen by the eyes, which float in the air and enter the body through the mouth and nose and there cause serious diseases."

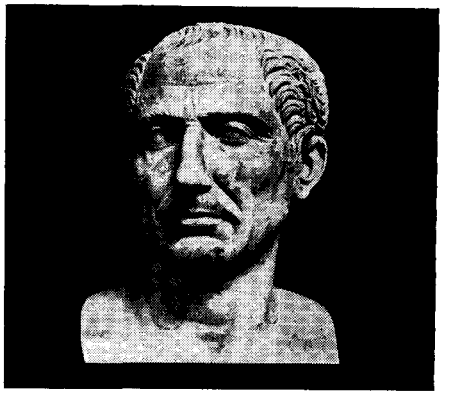
Varro was probably thinking of very small organisms of which one is aware in marshy lands, almost too small to be seen; he could hardly conceive the reality of microörganisms without a microscope. Yet he clearly indicated the possibility of contagion from one organism to another, from exceedingly small ones to those as large as men and animals. In order to measure the full importance of Varro's statement, one has but to realize that it took an enormous time for the idea of contagion to be expressed more clearly. The scientific idea of contagion was established only in 1546 by Fracastoro in his *De contagione*, and the possibility of contagion by microörganisms was first proved by the Dutchman Antony van Leeuwenhoek in 1675 and 1683, that is, more than seventeen centuries after Varro.

*

JULIUS CAESAR was one of the outstanding heroes in the whole past. Caesar was primarily a statesman and a politician; he proved his military genius relatively late in life.

The only writings of his that have survived are his *Commentaries*, the reminiscences of his military campaigns. They inaugurated a new literary genre and have remained models of their kind. The *Gallic war* and the *Civil war* are our main sources for the events described, and they describe them excellently. His style was simple and direct; as his books were accounts of his own military deeds, they were autobiographical; he was primarily a man of action, a general who must seize fleeting opportunities and improve them to the limit, and this gave his expressions spontaneity and strength.

We must speak of the geographic basis of the *Commentarii*. Gaul had been visited by earlier writers, but Caesar's conquest (58-50) increased Roman knowledge of it considerably. It was like the discovery of a new world, full of novelties. Caesar was well acquainted with the main rivers, with the mountain chains of the Cévennes in the south and the Jura and the Vosges in the east, and with the forest of the Ardennes. He was acquainted with an abundance of details. Many of the names of places and tribes with which we are familiar in their modern forms first appeared in his *Commentaries*. He



—*Bettmann Archives.*

Julius Caesar.

invaded Britain twice, and made two raids into Germany. He described the triangular shape of Britain, made a good estimate of its size, and referred to the island of Hibernia or Iernē (Ireland), half of Britain's size and to the west of it; he was the first to notice the Isle of Man.

In 44, when Caesar was consul with Marc Antony, he ordered a general survey of the Roman "empire." His murder, on 15 March 44, prevented him from implementing that project. According to medieval tradition, Caesar really began the undertaking which was completed in thirty-two years and submitted to the Roman Senate in 12 B.C.

Caesar took a great part in the reform of the calendar, not only because that was his duty as *pontifex maximus*, but also because he had a genuine interest in astronomy. He composed a treatise, *De astris*, which was a kind of "farmer's almanac" in which data concerning the stars, the seasons, and the weather were combined. It is probable that the Julian calendar and the *De astris* were introduced together. The calendar lasted until 1582; the *De astris* could not last as long, yet its popularity was remarkable; it extended almost to the end of antiquity. The *De astris* might be called astro-meteorological, as our farmer's almanacs still are, but it was not astrological *stricto sensu*. Caesar was ready to accept farmer's signs and predictions but not horoscopic nonsense.

Shakespeare helps us to remember that a soothsayer had warned Caesar to beware of the Ides of March. But, the bard says, Caesar went to the Senate on that fatal day because "Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXVI

HE MADE TEA BUT POURED —LIFE

Dr. George de Hevesy Drank It to Trace Atoms Inside Himself

—Rockefeller Institute.

—New York.

HOW long is a cup of tea?

It was one of those three-dimensional questions that hang in the air during sillier stages of cocktail parties. Try as I would, I could not reconcile it with the dignified figure who sat below me at the bottom of the jet-sloped, red-stepped well of the Rockefeller Institute's amphitheatre. He sat slack in his chair, shoulders hunched a little, hands folded in his lap, feet planted firmly in front of him. He was the one man in the distinguished line who didn't shift in his seat or cross his legs. Only occasionally did he move—to look up into the soaring white infinity of the Caspary Auditorium dome or to touch his sparse, greying mustache. He did not seem at all the kind of person who would trouble himself with frivolous questions. Yet the sober set of his irregular features was breaking into a warm smile at the story Dr. Glenn Seaborg was telling about him. It was plain that Dr. Seaborg had discovered nostalgia. The solemn scientist down there not only must have explored but had enjoyed exploring the question: How long after you drink a cup of tea does your body keep the last drop in the cup?

The exploration had, in fact, speeded this spare embodiment of old-world gentility, Nobel Laureate Professor George de Hevesy, along the research path that brought him here to receive the second Atoms for Peace Award of the Ford Motor Company Fund. After the reception that followed the giving of the $75,000 prize, I asked Professor de Hevesy to tell me what was the answer to the question.

The reply took him back over forty-five years. I could almost count their passage in the mixture of acquired accents that flavored his words. German, Danish, Swedish, and his native Hungarian skipped in and out of his English. One day in 1913, he explained, he had made tea in the Manchester laboratory of England's great atomic pioneer, Sir Ernest Rutherford. His guest had been the brilliant young X-ray spectroscopist, Philip Mosely. Mosely had screwed up his face at his first sip from the cup and laughed, "George, this is very bad tea. How long will it take my body to get rid of it?"

Professor de Hevesy smiled as he recalled it. "I'll never understand the English and their tea," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But Mosely's question was not entirely a jest. It had to do with my work."

Two years earlier, de Hevesy had gone to the Rutherford lab from Germany (where he worked in a private laboratory at Carlsruhe after receiving his doctorate at the University of Freiburg) to study electronics. The subject intrigued him so deeply he stayed on. Rutherford needed radium for experiments, and wanted it in sizeable quantities. He figured there was enough of it for his purposes in a big lump of lead . . . if he could find a way to get it out of the lead. He therefore assigned de Hevesy to make the separation.

THE young Hungarian tried all the chemical methods of separation he had ever heard of. None worked. But since people in Rutherford's lab got little encouragement to admit defeat by the impossible, de Hevesy couldn't quit. Unable to *remove* radium from the lump of lead, he *added* a known amount of pure radium to a known amount of pure lead to see what he could learn from the way they mixed. What he learned only mystified him further—once together, the two elements were indistinguishable. But the radioactivity given off by the radium in the mixture allowed him to trace that lead through all the chemical processes into which the lead was introduced.

What Mosely was suggesting, in his question about the cup of tea, was that de Hevesy someday might find a way to trace the water in the tea through the body of a tea drinker!

"In 1913, Mosely's question seemed far-fetched," Professor de Hevesy remembered. "But it was just ten years later when we began to use tracers in living things."

The first tracer had to be lead because lead was the only element then known to exist in radioactive form—the radium whose isotopic identity de Hevesy had stumbled on. Soon thallium and bismuth were also found to have radioactive isotopes and they, too, became experimental tools. After following the movements of these isotopes in metallic compounds, de Hevesy began to employ lead in study of metabolic processes which make up the growth of green plants. He first added the lead to nitrates that fertilized the soil, then burned the plants grown in that soil. After these tests confirmed that the lead had indeed entered the growth process, he went over the plants with a geiger counter and measured how much radioactivity was in the roots, the stalks, and the leaves each day. From green things he turned to rabbits and used lead, thallium, and bismuth to trace the growth process of the animal body. And finally, almost twenty years after his friend Mosely had asked the joking question, the persistent Hungarian was able to test the staying power of a cup of tea.

WHAT made the answer to Mosely's question possible was Dr. Harold Urey's discovery of heavy water in 1932. This water was composed of ordinary oxygen and heavy hydrogen (H_2), a non-radioactive but distinctive isotope that could be used as a tracer. Urey sent flasks of the liquid to de Hevesy, who then was teaching at the University of Freiburg. With the heavy water de Hevesy brewed tea—"probably bad tea," he was quick to assure me—and drank it. Half the cup left his body within nine days. The other half disappeared more slowly. Weeks passed before the last drop was gone.

"I was delighted. But it was not all triumph," he told me. "Philip Mosely, my kind and good friend, the ingenious young discoverer of X-ray spectroscopy, had died at Gallipoli in the first World War."

de Hevesy was using heavy water to determine what percentage of the human body is water (in his own case, it was 71 per cent in 1934) when the tracer technique he had given to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the world received its most marvelous gift—Irene and Frederic Joliot's method of producing artificial radioactivity. Now he had so many radioisotopes of elements naturally present in living things that he could explore even the most complex goings and comings. How many red blood cells do we have? How do our cells divide? How are blood and bone formed? What really is the marrow in our bones? Such questions have kept him busy ever since in his laboratory at the Research Institute for Organic Chemistry in Stockholm.

"Experiments in this work take such a long time," he apologized, adding an explanation that overflowed humility in the face of nature: "We cannot expect to know so quickly the marvelous process of life."

World-wide recognition has meant world-wide travel for Professor de Hevesy. Wherever it has taken him, Mrs. de Hevesy has accompanied him. Their children are scattered: Pia and Jennie live with their husbands in Geneva, Switzerland, and La Jolla, California; Ingrid, not yet married, works for the Food and Agriculture Center of UNESCO in Rome; George is a pediatrician in Stockholm. It is there that the Professor himself seems happiest. The winters are hard, he can ski (he still loves it despite his seventy-four years), and take long walks, striding along with his hands deep in his pockets, head bent characteristically forward.

OF ALL the places he has visited, none exerts hold on him to compare with that of the Rockefeller Institute. "Everything is all here" is his quaint compliment to the unity of the intimate living pattern Institute president Detlev Bronk has chosen for his evolving "university of the future." The laboratories (researchers there use the de Hevesy tracer technique in medical diagnosis; they also use heavier doses of radioactive isotopes in experimental treatment of disease) are just across the street from the apartments the Institute maintains for visiting scholars. Professor de Hevesy's captivation was so complete that he even declined to cross Central Park to see one of the rare public samples of his own discovery—the element hafnium—at the American Museum of Natural History. While his wife and Ingrid bustled about to every shop and museum they could find time for, he browsed in the library, wandered in and out of the lounge with his books, asked prospective dinner hosts at Manhattan high spots to eat in with him instead. Once at table, they noticed, he preferred coffee to tea.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

PRIDE AND PRESCRIPTION

A Famous Physician Pleads for a Subtler Ingredient: Love

ONCE there was a doctor here in Rochester (New York) who had an extraordinary spirit of love for his patients. This was Edwin George Munn, the city's first ophthalmologist and the father of Dr. John P. Munn, who was President of the Trustees of this (Rochester) University. It is said that at times he completely forgot the business side of his work and that it was no unusual thing for him to treat a patient for nothing, put him up as a guest at the local boarding house, and pay his fare home. No wonder that he sometimes had eighty to 100 patients in his waiting rooms at once, nor that he died at the age of forty-three years.

I mention this particular doctor because his story leads us to the other and larger aspects of the spirit of love in the practice of medicine. Times have changed since Dr. Munn's day, and the problems he met so generously are now mostly solved in other ways. The majority of our people need no charity, but cannot afford to pay, except by some form of insurance, for medical care of the quality you are trained to give them in the great medical centers.

Here is an opportunity for the organized medical profession to show the spirit of love, or of social conscience, by coming forward to the nation helpfully, as a good doctor answers a private call, to join in planning ways and means of reorganizing our system of medical care to meet modern conditions. Many individual physicians and many groups have tried all sorts of local experiments in group practice on an insurance or prepayment basis, some of them inadequate and irresponsible, some of them wise and promising, some of them so big, so well advertised, and apparently so successful (such as the medical enterprises of Henry J. Kaiser) that they must be reckoned with seriously. Commercial insurance companies have also entered the field and are said to have sold about four million health policies. The organized medical profession as represented by the American Medical Association and many of its state and county units has fought all such experiments with undiscriminating opposition; it has never been smart enough to concoct a plan of its own that caught the public imagination; and now that the tide is rising in favor of Federal insurance, the A. M. A. begins to advocate the same sort of voluntary prepayment plans as it was lately opposing. A large part of the thinking public has become convinced that the organized profession is simply fighting a rear-guard action against the advance of a necessary social reform.

A few weeks ago I met a friend of mine, an engineer who happens incidentally to have two brothers-in-law who are first-class practicing physicians. I said, "I am going to Rochester to give the Commencement address; what shall I say?" he replied, "Tell the graduating class they are joining a profession that is getting too proud of itself. Its great accomplishments do not give it the right to be sole judge in matters of profound social need." Thus has the profession laid itself open to the charge of selfishness and obstinacy, such as the individual doctor rarely faces.

IN MY opinion—and I am speaking for myself alone—some kind of widespread insurance of medical costs is necessary and inevitable. It may develop in several different ways; that is to say, by nation-wide organization through the Federal government, by voluntary insurance through commercial insurance companies, by the medical services of the great corporations, or by non-profit groups like the present hospital or "Blue Cross" insurance associations. Perhaps one of these will win out.

I find myself not very much alarmed at the thought that a good many physicians of the future are not going to be working in private offices and sending out their own bills, but will be practicing as medical officers of some sort of organized service. Thousands of us have long been happy and productive working on salary for universities, hospitals, and the public medical services. In my opinion the on-coming generation of physicians can be trusted to demonstrate that the profession has a spirit of love for mankind as strong as it ever was in the past, and broad enough for the new age.

—GEORGE W. CORNER,
in "Anatomist at Large"
(Basic Books, $4).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—SRI.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Always along some path commanded by fear of war? It might seem so from the growing dominance of military research in America's science budget. But hopes for peace are far from abandoned. The atomic inspection negotiations sparked by Assistant President James R. Killian's office are on the hopeful side. With the approach of a four-power conference on Germany's future status, with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's participation inhibited by cancer, there is a need for others to concern themselves with the potentialities of peace. The Russians have scarcities of all kinds to fill. We are blessed by luxury. Do we know the directions in which we prefer to build when the spending money is freed? Below the voice of Stanford Research Institute speaks from this frontier where science meets society.*

By WILLIAM N. BRESWICK
(Stanford Research Institute)

ARMAMENT reduction is a desirable objective to very many people. But how ready for it are we? It may arise from a real easing of tensions in the world, or perhaps from a cynical easing promoted by Russian propaganda. Again, it may spring from something for which we are all constantly striving: more real defense per dollar or equal defense for fewer dollars. Whatever be the origin, it is important for us to know through research the nature of any adjustments confronting us. A rigorous inquiry has been proposed to the Committee on Governmental Operations of the U. S. House of Representatives by Mr. E. Finley Carter, director of the Stanford Research Institute. He has stressed the need for this research on two major counts:

(1) It can help to overcome possible fear of the economic consequences of armament reduction. On this question there may be an asymmetry between our nation and Soviet Russia. Russia, being notoriously short of consumer goods, could easily adjust and fill in the production gap which arms reduction would cause. Our adjustment might be more difficult. Perhaps Russian leaders are aware of this to the point that it is another element in their peace offensive.

(2) Research can describe the nature of the possible economic problems that armament reduction would occasion. Such a description can pave the way for the necessary forethought which our nation should have in store, regardless of the possible magnitude of reduction.

The research could logically follow these main lines:

Current Armament Expenditures

Most everyone is aware that current defense spending amounts to about $40 billion, that the Air Force receives approximately half of this, that the Army and the Navy share the other half about equally, and that the missile programs will soon be receiving the major portion of all defense money. But there has been no comprehensive analysis of the detailed ramifications of these expenditures by geographic regions, by industrial segments, by labor skills, by income effects, by raw materials, by technical processes, and by a number of other important classifications. We need such analysis to obtain a deeper insight into the role of current armament expenditures in our economy, and for that matter, in our whole society.

Effects of Decreased Armament Expenditures

Subtraction would determine the dimensions of the "remainder economy" and give some grasp of the magnitude of the dislocation. It is important that there be no understatement of the research problems in the subtraction process. Although our economy is highly dynamic, interindustry analysis has not yet progressed beyond a static phase. Nevertheless, some approximate values should be forthcoming. The problems could be summarized to show that certain numbers of workers would need new jobs, certain specified industries in specified areas would need new markets, certain specified skills and technologies would be released for new work, certain amounts of new investment opportunities would be required, and so on.

Attitudes and Policies

In the final analysis, economic activity is the reflection of wants and motivations of both public and private groups and individuals. For example, our nation in the three years from 1929 to 1932 saw its economic output halved; it was essentially the same society throughout that period, but it was a society in which important changes had occurred. In contrast, our per capita consumption in 1944 was greater than it had been in 1939, even though half our output in 1944 was going directly into war goods. Here again it was the same society, inspired this time by the war effort.

In so fundamental a change as, say, complete disarmament, much more would be involved than just the question of how to get defense industries to turn out $40 billion more of the products of peace. It would be one thing to look upon it as an opportunity to boost our consumption ten per cent; it would be quite another thing to perceive that a world in which disarmament was a reality would be a world in which our Gross National Product could rise rapidly to $600 or $800 billion—or fall to a deep depression from inability to grasp the enormous opportunities available to us. How we choose to look at it should itself be made the subject of a penetrating inquiry by students of political science and sociology as well as economics.

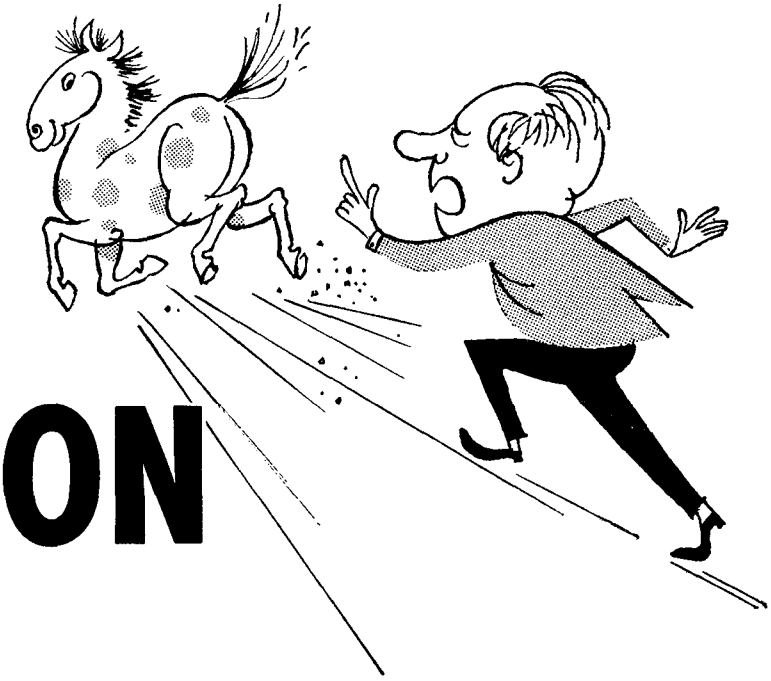
Possible Solutions

After the relevant policy assumptions are established, economic research can point the way to possible solutions. We grant that the validity of economic prediction leaves much to be desired. But the economic researcher can show feasibility of economic adjustments under specified policy regimes. He can show, at least in gross terms, the nature of the planning and the magnitude of operation required to fill the investment gap opened by the possibilities of peace.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

Don't chase after INFLATION



STOP IT!

Inflation can easily become a runaway horse.

Inflation is caused by a lot of things. But one of the most important is rising labor costs without a corresponding increase in productivity. The reason: 75 per cent or more of the cost of what you buy is for labor.

It's kind of a chain reaction. With each round of wage and price increases, our dollar loses another chunk of purchasing power.

If things keep on this way another twenty years – or ten – or five – what will happen to your savings, your insurance, your pension plans, your children's education? Inflation robs you of your future security. Isn't it time to stop this senseless spiral?

* * *

Some people think they enjoy a little inflation –at least temporarily when they get a few more dollars in pay.

For a while they have more dollars to spend and everything is rosy.

But, too soon, comes the day when rising costs force prices up so high people don't have enough dollars to go around.

Nobody likes inflation then.

This message is being brought to you by

REPUBLIC STEEL

as a member of the

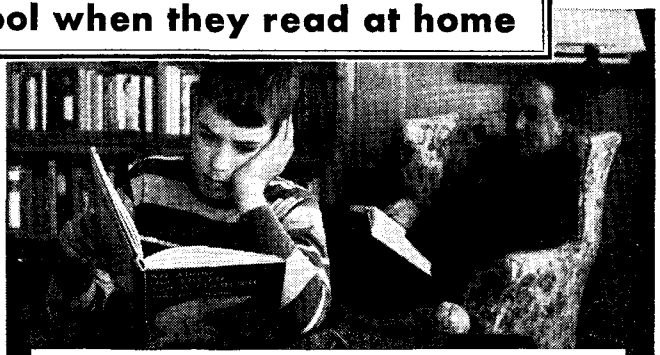
AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE

Republic Steel fights inflation by fostering continuous cost-cutting advice to its customers. Figuring out ways of making things at lower cost is a management contribution to your well-being. One way Republic does this is by providing field service metallurgists who advise on economic steel selection and the most efficient processing, or fabrication methods to achieve best results.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children do far better in school when they read at home

THE PROBLEM • It is difficult for teachers, by themselves, to inspire the *enthusiasm* for reading that makes all the difference in a child's progress in school—and throughout life.



THE ANSWER • Exciting books — provided by parents — about SCIENCE and HISTORY . . . which assist the child — without pressure—with his school work.

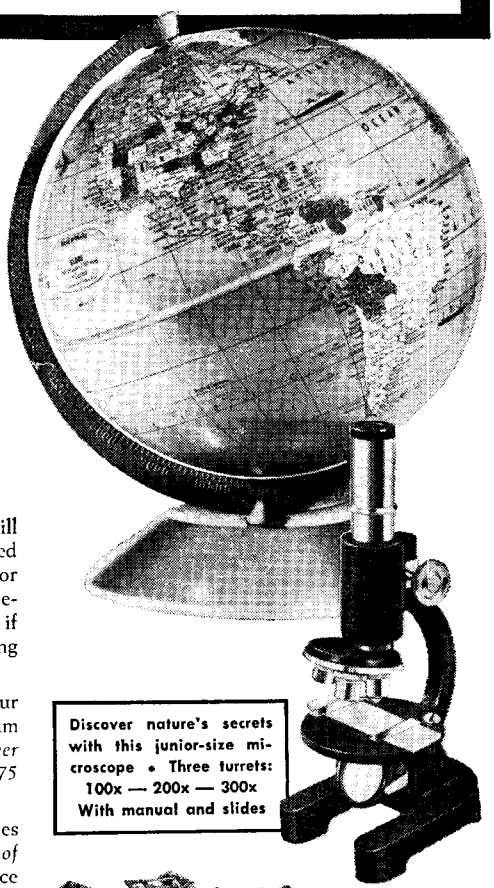
TRY THIS SENSIBLE READING PLAN

BOTH GIVEN TO YOUR CHILD

THE RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE
and THE "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT
with a four-month Trial Subscription to

Young Readers of America

A BOOK CLUB FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (FROM 8 TO 14)
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF Book-of-the-Month Club



Discover nature's secrets with this junior-size microscope • Three turrets: 100x — 200x — 300x With manual and slides

ALSO GIVEN . . . FIFTY BOOKPLATES

THE IDEA: To encourage—*without pressure*—a natural love of reading is the sound educational principle behind the YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA plan. It provides—at regular intervals, which is extremely important — authoritative books that are, above all, fun to read. As many educators point out, children who learn to love books in this way usually make the best and most interested students.

Choose *either* of these groups . . . or subscribe to *both* at a 10% discount

(1) THE ALLABOUT BOOKS are comprehensive books about SCIENCE. Each of these volumes—from dinosaurs and astronomy to atoms and sputniks—is written by an eminently qualified science writer and is accurately and profusely illustrated.

(2) THE LANDMARK BOOKS are about American and world HISTORY and are written by outstanding authors whose reputations were made in the field of serious adult writing —authors like John Gunther, Pearl Buck, Thomas B. Costain, John Mason Brown and many others.

★ **A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** is suggested, in order to see how your own young reader responds to the idea. He will receive, *free*, the enrollment gifts pictured at the right and with them the ALLABOUT or LANDMARK BOOK you select from the two below. At the end of the trial subscription, if you do not feel that the plan is succeeding with your child, you are free to cancel.

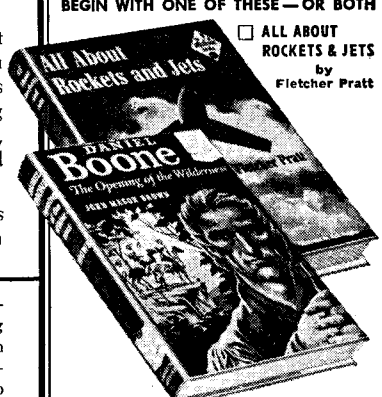
★ **THE SYSTEM IS SIMPLE**—each month your child will receive a book addressed to him personally. The price to subscribers, *lower than the regular retail price*, is only $1.75 each, plus a small charge for mailing.

★ **IF YOU DECIDE** to subscribe to *both* series (see coupon) *you will receive a discount of 10%*, making the special combined price $3.15, plus the postage and handling charge.

NOTE ABOUT BIRTHDAYS: If you wish the subscription to begin as a birthday surprise during the next 30 days, simply check the proper box in the coupon. The enrollment gifts and the first purchase will be sent in packages plainly labeled "Do not open until your birthday." Enclosed will be a card naming you as the donor.

*Trademark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

BEGIN WITH ONE OF THESE — OR BOTH



☐ **ALL ABOUT ROCKETS & JETS** by Fletcher Pratt

☐ **DANIEL BOONE** by John Mason Brown

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y. 12-3
YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA* Branch

Please enroll the child named below in a four-month trial subscription to *Young Readers of America* and send him free the RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE and the "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT with the purchase of the first book(s) indicated. You are to send the child:

Check one
- ☐ one **ALLABOUT BOOK** each month and bill me at $1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
- ☐ one **LANDMARK BOOK** each month and bill me at $1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
- ☐ one **ALLABOUT** and one **LANDMARK BOOK** each month and bill me at $3.15 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

I may cancel the subscription at any time after buying four books for the child. As the child's first purchase send the book (or books) checked at the left. (For combination subscription check both books.)

Information requested on this order should be filled in by parent or donor—PLEASE PRINT

SEND BOOKS TO ..... Name of Child

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

ORDERED BY Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ..... Name of Parent or Donor

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ IF YOU WANT THIS AS A BIRTHDAY GIFT DURING THE NEXT 30 DAYS, CHECK HERE AND ALLOW AT LEAST TWO WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

YR-27

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED